

Ann Arbor AGS

ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY

WHITE PANTHER

COMMUNITY NEWS SERVICE ISSUE 34

DEC 2-16, 1970

15¢



- Captain Beefheart

CHICAGO/DECEMBER 4, 1969
FRED HAMPTON DEAD
MARK CLARK DEAD
MURDERED BY CHICAGO PIGS
NOS. 37/8

Fred Hampton/Mark Clark
resurrected in the man-child
Johnathon whose blood flows
in actions of freedom fighters
universal

From that murderous day in
Chicago
to that black/black afternoon
in Marin.
Fred Hampton in full humanity/
cold blood.
Reverberations felt in black/
white communities throughout
amerika

Now the movement flounders in
self-indulgence/naivete - - -
I Ching calls for dispersal
only to come together stronger
for the fire next time !!!
Righteous, for our naivete
becomes confusion/time to
figure things out and deal with
the man . . . more effectively.

Chairman Fred meant a lot to us,
pigs !

Yet December 4 will arrive each
year to mock us - - - however,
your mockery re-enforces our
self-determination,
We grow/not wither/we bloom.

DECEMBER 4 IS THE ANNIVERSARY
OF THE DEATH OF FRED HAMPTON !

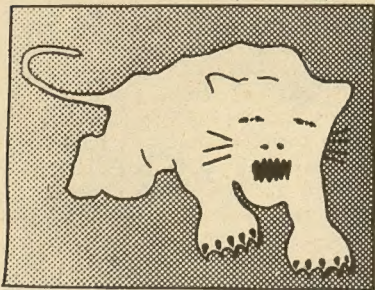
A time of movement as we
blast away at a myth,
a myth of domestic invinci-
bility that the MAN has
shrouded himself in.
An aura which the Vietcong
everyday makes grow dimmer,
Weatherman does likewise.

Yet this aura/myth consumes
and extinguishes that spark
in the lives of revolutionaries.

Since that day of death/chicago
March of death/townhouse nyc
Summer of death/marin,

Yes, a year of execution and
ecstasy has transpired.

— Billy Berkeley



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ANN ARBOR
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Argus/page two

JUCHE BUST

Cambridge, Mass.— Seven members of a
revolutionary collective (a so-called
“revolution headquarters”) were vamped
on Tuesday, November 17. 425 Franklin
Street. 5:00 in the afternoon— some of
them just got home after spending the day
at the storefront distributing co-op food.
The co-op is really getting together and
growing every week, so they are feeling
good— dancing to the Stones.

Shouts— “IT’S A BUST!!!”— there are
pigs outside with shotguns and rifles—
they break down the door. We get out one
phone call before the door breaks. Most
of us run upstairs— one tries the back
window, and dogs start snarling and bark-
ing. Pigs race up the stairs, waving pistols,
shotguns, one submachine gun— HANDS
OVER YOUR HEADS— handcuffs, frisk,
phone ringing, pigs pull out the cord.
We’re never told we’re under arrest— when
we ask if we are, and for what charges,
we get mumbles of “search warrant,”
“means everybody is under arrest,” “I
don’t know, I’m just here.”

The house starts getting torn apart.
We’re hustled to the paddy wagon through
the pigs, dogs, and people standing around
—except the woman arrested who gets
chauffered in the pig captains’ car.

PIG STATION

Charges at last:
1) knowingly being in the presence of
narcotics, to wit, marijuana.
2) illegal possession of shotguns without
FID cards.

3) conspiracy to violate firearms act.

PLEA— GARBAGE!!!

Anything beyond the legally registered
guns (whose pictures you can see in the



Your ass is grass
and I’m the lawnmower.



The Second Coming, Ypsi-
lanti underground paper, is put
out by a collective of people
who live together and by the
community. The Second Coming
collective was raided at two
in the morning Sunday Novem-
ber 15 by the Ypsilanti pigs.
They knocked on both the back
and front doors then broke
the doors in before we had a
chance to respond. It took
several minutes to bust in be-
cause we had the door secured
by a heavy bar and steel br-
aces. After breaking in, they
herded us into one room at
gunpoint and informed us that
they were in hot pursuit of
some people that had ripped-
off nearby stores. This was
a lie, they were told this by
witnesses who thought they
saw people run from the stores
to our house. Therefore, they
needed a search warrant to en-
ter; all their activities were
illegal in the eyes of their
own fascist law.

While holding us in one
room, a group of pigs went
downstairs and stole our mi-
meograph machines (2). They
continued rummaging through
the house for another two
hours and finally busted three
brothers. Two were later re-
leased.

The next evening, fifteen
hours later, the Ypsi pigs re-
turned backed by campus and
county pigs. All of these
pigs were armed with rifles,
shotguns, and automatic wea-
pons. They once again kicked
in the doors before we had a
chance to answer and put all



“WRETCHED AMERIKAN”) and prescrip-
tion drugs could probably have been found
in the pig station before the raid. Every-
thing else in the house was pretty standard
until the pigs got through tearing it apart.
We confess to posters of CHE, HUEY,
ANGELA, etc. and a ceiling covered with
NLF flags. All Power to the People!!!

Which leaves one thing— what are we
guilty of? ANSWER: various attempts,
some more, some less successful to Serve
the People, help build a community, try
to develop a collective life-style to allow
us to survive and stay sane in the middle
of the madness called Amerika, help
build a food co-op, a bookstore, and put
together a people’s newspaper, JUCHE.
And of course very guilty of trying as hard
as we know to be human beings— including
knowingly accepting the consequences of
such an attempt. . . being forced to become
outlaws in a system that denies all
humanity. Our revolutionary love goes
out to all the sisters and brothers who
showed their support, helped raise \$1,000
bond by 9:00 (total bail for the seven of
us was \$15,000), waited around for us
to get out, and did all sorts of beautiful
things.

On December 18, we go to trial. The
case is political. It involves not only us,
but the community as a whole; for we can
see that when any of us moves to create
institutions which meet our needs, we will
be attacked. When we move to survive as
human beings, the pig cannot stand it. We
as a community must move to defend the
brothers and sisters who are ripped off. The
costs will be great; we need bread. The
work will be mammoth; we need energy.

of us in one room. The search
warrant was then read to us.
The pigs then proceeded to
thoroughly search our house.
Among other things they ripped
posters off the wall, tore up
beds, dressers, desks, closets,
everything. They punched holes
in the walls and trashed our
bathroom. Our basement was
ransacked.

It has become apparent
to us that these two raids
are part and parcel of a na-
tional strategy, on the part
of the Nixon/Mitchell machi-
nery, to harass and intimidate
collectives, tribes, and fa-
milies that are effecting a
political consequence on pig-
culture.

When we went to the Re-
volutionary People’s Consti-
tutional Convention we rapped
with brothers and sisters from
around the country and learned
that there had been raids in
Cambridge, Richmond, Calif.,
and five or six other collec-
tives.

So what is now happening
is really nothing new. At
least for black people and the
Black Panthers this is nothing
new in the way of fascist re-
pression. However, for revo-
lutionary white people/freaks
repression of this type has
caught up with us. As the
Panthers became effective,
they were vamped on. We are
definitely no different.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE
SECOND COMING COLLECTIVE



for example...



Ken McLaughlin

A couple of Sundays ago at the Union Ballroom we were getting down with the rest of the people and all the high energy in the air at the second White Panther benefit. Everyone was feeling mighty high, and revolution was on the screens, on the stage, and in the people as we watched revolutionary flicks, listened to the bands put forth some killer jams, and got high with our friends. When SRC and the Up came on, they shot everyone into a high energy ozone, and the people got it on and danced all over the ballroom. Dave Sinclair rapped to the people about what was happening to John and asked them to show support at his hearing in Detroit the following day.

When the concert ended and we finished talking to our friends, we split and started trucking home. About one o'clock we were walking down William and it became super windy so we turned into the driveway of the Public Library and walked behind it to warm up for a while. We stopped and looked at some old magazines that were being thrown away but soon decided to split because they were too honky. As we were leaving, an Ann Arbor pig car with 2 porkers in it drove up and stopped in front of us. The 2 hogs got out and asked us what we were all doing. We told him we were walking home. One pig told us all to stand next to this brick wall at the back of the library, while he checked the area with a flashlight. He went right to a pile of leaves, bent over it (back to us) fucked around for a minute, got up, and faced us...Then he announced, "Your all under arrest for possession of dangerous drugs. Up against the wall", and held out a bag of sugar cubes. He and the other swine threw me, two other brothers, and two sisters against the wall and started to search us. We freaked out because we knew we weren't in possession of any dope.

Two of us were handcuffed and put in one car while the other three people were taken away in the second car without cuffs. In the car the pigs have a cute little sticker on their equipment box that reads, "A mile for a Camel, Ten years for a joint." When we finally got to the pig sty we were separated into different rooms and strip searched. As I was being searched I was chewing a piece of gum

standing against the wall. The pig that was next to me searching through my coat that was taken off, suddenly grabbed me around the neck and began choking me and throwing me to the ground.

Three more pigs came in and assisted the first hog. One bent my arm behind me up to my neck, while one kicked me in the nuts, and the other one kept choking me constantly while oinking, "Spit it out, spit it out." For about two minutes they kept choking and kicking me and I couldn't swallow it until I finally ripped his hand away and gulped it down. They were super pissed off then and were hoping that I'd swallowed a whole shitload of acid or something so I would freak out. Well, I didn't swallow acid, and I didn't freak out, which made them even more pissed. All during this whole scene the other brothers and sisters were trying to find out what was going on, but the other pigs wouldn't tell them and kept shoving them away out in the corridor. They charged me with LSD and kept asking me insane questions over and over again. The other people were released after about an hour and forty-five minutes with warnings that warrants might be put out for their arrest later on. I was left sitting in the small room where all the searching and questioning and beating and strangling had gone on. I was sitting in the chair trying to fix my glasses that the pig had broken, when some honk detective or someone came in and sat down to give me a long rap on how the students at the University had to be shown examples of people getting busted for LSD. He added that since they had noticed I'd been associated with the White Panthers, it would be an extra example.

Then he oinked that on the other hand I knew lots of people and had lots of friends and I'd be sure to get off light by being a great help to the Pig Squad's Narcotic Bureau. I couldn't stand his filthy pig shit anymore so I spit in his eye. He totally flipped out and ran outside the room honking to his partners to go in there and get me. Two of Ann Arbor's finest fascists came in and proceeded to fuck me up a little. I didn't wait for the big hog to fuck me over and castrated him almost right away. He squealed and honked and fell over just outside the door. It was quite a rush and it served to stop the other pigs because the whole thing in the room was

being kept secret by just a few pigs, so they had to stop when the other pigs came to carry the big porker away.

Pretty soon the Ann Arbor pigs got tired and took me over to the County Pig Sty.

After typing up an info card on me and taking my belt and possessions, I was taken to cage 100 where there were about 14 other brothers. Mostly everyone was trying to sleep, although it was practically impossible. There were 4 double steel bunks with no mattresses, and the rest of the people slept on the picnic table and the cold, damp floor. One brother was brought in later who had been beaten by the state pigs and was super bloody with an eye swollen shut and gashes on his skull and mouth. They just tossed him in on the floor and let him lie there in pain. Much later we were able to get one blanket for him, but the rest of us couldn't have any.

I demanded my phone call about four times but was never allowed one. About 2:45 Monday afternoon I was brought into the courtroom and got some nice rushes when I saw about 15 or more brother and sisters sitting in the courtroom supporting me. David Goldstein, a killer dude from Legal Aid, spoke for me and requested an examination which was set for Dec. 2, at 9:30 A.M. David was a lot of help, and he'll be able to give you names of people who can help you if you're ever in trouble with the pigs. My charge was possession of dangerous drugs, and bond was set at \$1,000.

Afterwards, my friends tried for 5 1/2 hours before finally getting me out of the sty. I felt mighty good to get home, eat some decent food, wash the pig slime off me, listen to good music, and get high with my friends.

Two days later, early Wed. evening the pigs came to the house to get Tom. Tom was outside when they came in the house, and when we asked to see a warrant, the inker only showed us a plain envelope and stuck it back in his pocket. He started to go upstairs, but three brothers were at the top and wouldn't let him get past them. He started to freak, and told the other pig to call 3 more units to tear the place apart. As that pig went outside, another car drove up and they put in a call for 3 more. When Tom heard that 5 cars of pigs were going to trash the house, he immediately gave

himself up, and the pigs called off the other cars. Tom had no shoes or coat on, and the pigs wouldn't let us give him any.

The next morning at 9:00 when Tom was supposed to be arraigned, Ron Paul (lawyer) was there and ran around for 2 hours trying to get Tom to the courthouse. When he finally got there, he was arraigned on possession of the killer weed, Bond was set at \$500. Ron worked for several more hours and got it lowered to \$400.

Finally, about 3:00 that afternoon, we got Tom out on the streets again to stay. Ron Paul is a real killer dude who stayed at the sty and the court for six hours helping us for free.

One complaint we have is the lack of support at Tom's arraignment. All during Thanksgiving, we called and talked to people about coming and showing their solidarity with Tom. Enough People to fill the courtroom promised to come, but when Tom was finally arraigned, there was only 8 people there. What the fuck is this? Tom had to spend 2 nights and Thanksgiving Day in the County Pig Sty and the people couldn't even show some support at his arraignment. When the people begin to show their strenght in the courtrooms and in the streets every where, the pigs get scared.

"They got the guns,
but we got the numbers.
Gonna win, Yea!
We're takin over.
Come on!"

If the pig is to be stopped in our community, everyone has to work together and show full support to all anti-pig projects and events. The pigs freak out when they see lots of people and lots of energy gathered in one place, so if this is a contact action being done at all times, all around the planet, the Third World peoples will be able to smash the pigs and end the repression that's been coming down for thousands of years. Liberation will come through armed struggle, and solidarity between all the oppressed masses.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
FREE JOHN & ALL POLITICAL
PRISONERS!
OFF THE PIG FROM THE COM-
MUNITY!

MEDICAL CLINIC

The Ann Arbor youth community's Free People's Clinic at 302 East Liberty will see a delay in opening, due to the fact that legal hassles have arisen out of a legal system which was not designed to deal with organizations with the sole purpose of serving the people. Hopefully this delay will only last for a week and the clinic can be open Dec. 7, 1970 to serve the medical needs of the community. With the communal effort of the people in the community these hassels are expected to dissolve SOON! These legal hassels came out of drawing up corporation papers with its bureaucratic form filling out and should be resolved as soon as a new form can be used to do it "correctly".

This is not the only prob-



DELAYED

lem of the clinic as it has also run into some minor problems in building shelves, hooking up lights, and some materials still needed in the building of the clinic. However these problems are as we said minor. Electricians and carpenters from the community would be a great help in the solution to these problems and can stop by the clinic at any time to work on them.

Anyone with materials such as flourecent lamps, floor lamps mattresses and a desk, or any other object that could be used in the clinic can drop it off at 302 Liberty also at any time.

It has been organized, and will be run by the youth community so that it will be able to serve the youth community fully. We feel the need for this type of clinic is absolutely necessary for the survival of our people.

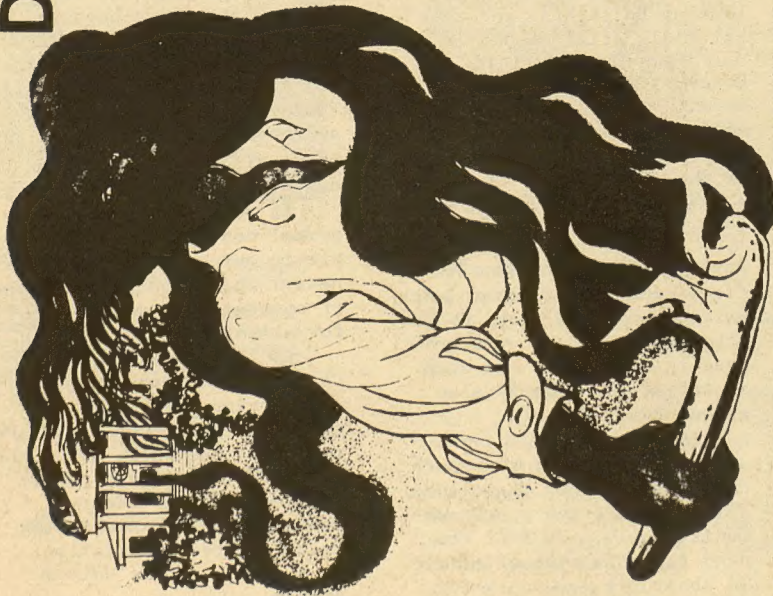
There are many people on the streets now who are seriously ill, who will not recieve medical attention because they don't trust or can't afford the service that the hospitals in this town have to offer. There are people who have suffered permanant damage, extreme discomfort and even death for these same reasons.

It really seems that the normal condition of the people in our community is sickness. Dealing with this type of oppression is a priority for all of us.

We feel that since the United States Government is not serving the people that they take resources from, the resources needed to serve the people belong to the people who are willing to serve themselves. We are feeling United States Imperialism, as a colony of the United States.

Argus/page three

D.C. PIGS DOUSE THE PEOPLE



Argus/page four

sent \$1000 and a registered letter requesting rental of three university buildings by the Black Panther on Wednesday, November 25. The total rental fee was about \$11,000; presumably the campus is available to anyone with the bread to do it; the right of peaceful assembly is even guaranteed under the old constitution.

Howard University never bothered to contact the Black Panther Party. Dr. Cheeks, the president of the "ebony tower," serves the interests of those in power, the Nixons and Mitchells and Rockefeller. These pigs planned all along to prevent the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention from happening-- from the time they tried to shut down the Philadelphia plenary to the time they tried to crush the Black Panther Party in New Orleans and Detroit a few days ago.

Big Man, BPP Deputy Minister of Information, exposed Howard University in an afternoon press conference on Friday:

... "The fascist ruling class clique of the Amerikkkan Empire is fully aware of the threat that the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention poses to their criminal rule. In view of that they have-- acting through their "negro" flunky administrators at Howard University -- denied the people the use of that facility as the convention site.

Contrary to the plans of

office was busted up also about the same time (We don't have all the details on this bust yet.) A black brother, a member of the black community in Washington, was fatally shot right outside the Washington, D.C. Black Panther Headquarters the night before the People's Convention was to begin. Preparation for the convention began in September at the Philly plenary session which created a variety of creative programs session. The plenary created a variety of concrete ideas and programs dealing with each specific area of oppression in Babylon. These were to be further expanded upon and defined at the convention, where an actual constitution was going to be written.

The convention began on Friday morning in total confusion and lack of direction. Howard University had been

WASHINGTON, D.C.-- The Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention which was to be held last weekend in Washington last weekend didn't come off. The Black Panther Party, who sponsored the event, had invited people from all over North America to come together in revolutionary solidarity and create a People's Constitution to implement the idea of "Survival through Service to the People."

A lot of people put time and energy into organizing housing, food for the convention. The pigs used every method available to prevent the convention from happening. Thirty-five brothers and sister from Detroit NCCF were arrested and detained for 24 hours on their way to Washington. The Detroit NCCF office was burnt out just before the convention. The New Orleans Black Panther

the fascist ruling class clique and their "running dogs" the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention will not be stopped.

We call for a general mobilization of the masses for survival. We will hold our Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention on liberated territory in Washington D.C. We call upon the people of the community to liberate Howard University and to make their criticisms heard by radio, television, and newspapers. We call upon the communities of the world to unite with us as one and assist us in liberating Washington D.C. The demands and desires of the people will be heard..."

This was unclear to a lot of people; caucuses formed to discuss if they should liberate Howard, thinking in terms of picketing and building seizures. To add to the chaos, rumors were flying that the Constitution was already written and would be dumped on the people's heads by the Black Panthers. Women and other groups began to write their "own" constitutions. Friday night the Lumpen, Black Panther rock group, played to a rally of 600 people and the next day the New York Times declared, "Black Panthers Sponsor Rock Fest."

Saturday night the air cleared. Michael Tabor of the New York Panther 21, Bob Scheer of the Anti-imperialist Delegation to Asia, and Huey P. Newton, Minister of Defense BPP, spoke to an overflow crowd at St. Stephen's Church in the black community of Washington. Huey rapped down Inter-communalism and Survival through Service to the People.

INTERCOMMUNALISM

The Amerikan Empire dominates the earth, maintaining its control through police/military actions and economic enslavement in every community in the world, particularly

in Asia, Africa, and Latin Amerika. Imperial Amerika has destroyed all national boundaries and rights of nationhood, creating reactionary inter-communalism, a world-wide system of oppression held together by the global pig technology, and an advanced transportation and communications network.

The Black Panther Party has developed beyond revolutionary nationalism, and revolutionary internationalism to understand that no national boundaries, cultural distinctions, or racial classifications prevent the American ruling class from seizing the entire planet for itself.

Revolutionary intercommunalism means total self-termination for the world community and a global distribution of the Empire wealth. Without this, there is no world liberation; there can be no true communism.

"Survival through Service to the People" means that we must lay the foundation for intercommunalism by building the institutions which will serve the needs of the people and create liberated communities in which humanity will be free to engage in creative productivity, a form of revolutionary play. Technology will do most of the actual physical labor. The people will be free to expand consciousness, expand their creative capabilities, and free all revolutionary energies.

It is good that Cheeks and Howard University exposed themselves as pawns in Nixon's hands. "We must oppose what the enemy supports. It is good to be attacked by the enemy."

Huey said we will hold a Revolutionary Peoples Constitutional Convention when we have liberated our communities and established a Provisional Revolutionary Government in North Amerika.

There seems to be a moderate quantity of high grade Cannabis Sativa in Ann Arbor presently. Michuokan is the best brand in town. One an three quarters of a pound in bricks are going for 190 to \$210 through most people. Lids are approximately \$15 for a weighted out ounce.* The towns hash stash is running low, but there is still red Lebanese, Gold Seal, and a real small

amount of preimo available. Hash prices are all about \$4 to \$5 a gram, \$75 to \$85 an ounce, and pounds are hard to get but are going for the usual price of \$700 to \$800. There is green LSD that people like, white Micro dots, and a few stray hits of sugar cube in town. Singles are \$1 to \$2, 100's for \$55 to \$75, 1,000's for \$450 to \$550. The Psilocybin is for real an-

lyzied Psilocybin and going for \$1 to \$2 for singles, \$60 to \$80 for 100's, \$500 to \$600 for 1,000's. We haven't heard of any real Mescaline in town so if you have let us know. We do not need any pig drugs.

Power to good dope!
Power to the People!

twenty to forty

Did it ever occur to you what it would be like to get busted for marijuana, something that is totally useless to get popped for in the first place? How would you feel if you had just got out of jail for six months and got busted again. Say it was your third time. Say you were innocent! And because of the pig power in this country, you obviously assume that you haven't a chance. Especially if each time you were busted it was for sales. Now you know the court is going to say there is no hope for you. "This person is obsessed with pushing dope to our children and is of no use to our society."

"So what if they just put him away and forget about him, let him rot. We can't afford to have these kind of people around." So they lay 20-40 years on you. "What the fuck— it'll do him some good, nothing else seems to solve the problem. He's 18 now. Maybe when he's 40 or 50, by the time he gets out of prison, he'll understand where he went wrong."

Maybe you think this is a bunch of jive exaggeration. But it isn't. Things like this really happened— it happened to a killer brother and friend of mine. He is innocent.

A year ago there was this sly undercover pig who used to come over in his

THE PIG
denounces
"dangerous drugs"



flashy Vet and we'd go toke some dope. Finally he got a brother to sell him a pound of dope. It was all set up and they met in a parking lot. The brother got out of his car and got in the pig's car and there was an exchange of money. While this was happening, another brother Ralph was sitting in the other car. He had nothing to do with the transaction because he had just got out of jail a month or so before for sales and didn't

want to fuck around.

A week later the dope was delivered to the pig by the brother who had gotten the money from him. He was busted right there. Ralph was nowhere around. The next day Ralph was arrested. We thought they just wanted him for questioning, but that was the last I saw of him;

At first they didn't even give him bond, finally they did but it was so high

he had to rot in the county jail for six months.

Now this was Ralph's third time being busted, one for possession, the other time for sales. Both were for marijuana and LSD, no bogus dope. I had very little hope for him this time, even though I knew he was innocent, because I know how the courts railroad people and play games with their lives.

The trial was a complete ruse and when the jury came back they found him guilty of sales without possession. This is really strange to be convicted of selling dope but never to have had it in your possession. So I freaked out when I heard this, but then the judge oinked 20-40 years in prison for him and I flipped out.

It's things like this that no one hears about in the honk press that are happening all the time. There are thousands of brothers and sisters in prison now. The prisons of Babylon are packed, ready to explode when we on the outside get it together to free all political prisoners.

*They busted John,
Ya know two joints is all it takes;
But I was too stoned to give a shit.
Then they popped brother Tim
And I really didn't care.
Now they're knocking down my door
And all my friends are gone.*

MACRO BIOTICS

MACROBIOTICS

Introductory lectures and cooking classes Dec. 8-9-10 Given by Mary Lou Hatch and husband Tom. Tom is manager of the Tao Bookstore in Boston and director of the Cambridge Study House.

Schedule:

Dec. 8, Tuesday 331 Thompson
8pm lecture: Traditional Food of Man
Dec. 9, Wednesday 331 Thompson
3:30 pm Cooking Class
Massage Class
6:30 pm Dinner
After dinner lecture:

Tips for beginning Macrobiotic Diet
Dec. 10, Thursday 331 Thompson

Dec. 10, Thursday 331 Thompson
2:30 pm Cooking Class
2:30 pm Cooking Class
Self Massage Class
5:30 pm Dinner
7:00 pm Lecture at Canterbury House 330 Maynard St. on Yin-Yang Theory

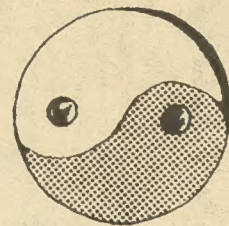
Admission for lecture is \$1.50 to cover traveling expenses. Same for cooking class to cover cost of food.

PLEASE NOTE:

Reservations must be made in advance for the cooking classes and dinner so we know how much food to prepare. Please leave your name at the counter at: Eden Organic Food Store 211 So. State St. Ann Arbor or call 769-8444



TO CREATE



...An economy based on the needs and desires of Earth people—creating and distributing goods that are functional, long-lasting and beautiful through a
★ Craftsmen & Craftswomen's Guild
★ Community Flea Market
★ Crafts Coop & Workshop

GENERAL MEETING

and discussion—

SATURDAY DECEMBER 5th
531 N. MAIN ST.
2:00 P.M.



A.A.T.U. is needed in Ann Arbor because the housing market has traditionally been dominated by a number of large landlords charging high rents for poorly maintained apartments. The simple fact, that the University has grown faster than the amount of housing available for students and U. employees. Landlords profit from this housing shortage as students the shortage is particularly acute. There simply are not enough apartments for everyone that needs one.

This brings up a point often overlooked: Because most students come have little choice but to pay whatever prices the landlords are asking. This fall from wealthy middle and upper class families who are willing and able to pay the money for their child's education and leaving expenses while in college, these same students have been able to pay the higher prices for goods and rents than working class people. The housing crush lower-income families, who now must commute to Ann Arbor to their jobs, which are often with the U. It is the A.A.T.U. feelings that the U. is slacking continues to push out of Ann Arbor in its responsibility to help provide sufficient decent housing for its students and employees at prices both can afford. For it is the U. which is responsible for bringing these two groups to Ann Arbor in the first place.

The University, Ann Arbor's largest landlord, is therefore responsible for the poor housing conditions in the city.

The A.A.T.U. must force landlords throughout Ann Arbor to lower rents so that the poorer people who once lived in this town, and the many poorer students who would like to attend this U. will be able to afford to live here. We must force landlords to fix their falling apartment buildings, give eight month leases to those who want them and stick to their part of the landlord-tenant agreement. We must force the city to deal with housing problems in a realistic fashion, and enforce their housing code. We must force the U. to provide enough low-rent housing for residents of Ann Arbor, student and non-student to create a large enough vacancy rate to lower rents in Ann Arbor. We must make sure that tenants in Ann Arbor will no longer be deprived of their rights, discriminated against, harassed, and evicted unduly by landlords, as the city closes its eyes.

A.A.T.U. is needed in Ann Arbor and can be a reality through the collective action of Ann Arbor tenants, joining

tenant's union



ing together to bring about significant change in the housing situation. Whether you will be living in a dorm, or in a private apartment, you should join the A.A.T.U. The cost of a one-year membership is only \$5.00, a small contribution to make in this most vital and important struggle.

TIPS FOR RENTERS

1. At the termination of a years lease do not pay your next-to the last month's rent. When you signed your lease you were forced to pay a damage deposit and last month's rent. It is the policy of Ann Arbor landlords not to return much if any of the damage deposit, so therefore you are still responsible under the law to pay the rent owing and all rent due through the end of the lease you signed. Possible exceptions are if you are transferred by the company you work for.

some landlords will let you out of the lease. Also a landlord may let you out of your lease if you go into the service. If you are drafted you are legally let out of your lease.

RIGHTS IF YOU DON'T HAVE A WRITTEN LEASE:

You cannot be evicted without a written 30-day notice to quit. When you receive such a notice, however, you must be out in that time. If you are not, the court will issue a writ of restitution and the sheriff will come and forcibly throw you out;

Under a verbal contract, you also may give your landlord a 30-day written notice that you are leaving. This ends your agreement with him and you owe him no more rent.

If your landlord tries to evict you with-

out going through any of the processes mentioned above, you should—

1) Inform him that he has no right to do this without going through due process, and deny him entry into your pad.

2) If necessary, physically block the entrance of your apartment.

3) If he threatens you, warn him that he may be liable for assault charges.

4) Warn him that if he touches you, he will be liable for battery.

5) Call out for help to any room mates or tenants that are around and have someone call the police and inform them that someone is causing a breach of peace.

6) If he threatens to remove any of your possessions, inform him that you will charge him with theft.

Joint and several clause in the lease means that if any of your roommates don't pay their rent you can be held responsible for it.

Verbal agreement—for your protection get any agreement in writing. If this is not possible, make sure you gave a witness to the agreement. Don't trust in the good will of a landlord to keep his word. It is a rare occasion when they do.

DAMAGE DEPOSITS

Experience has shown that most Ann Arbor landlords keep damage deposits, whether or not any damage has been done to the apartment. To protect yourself from losing this money it is a good idea not to pay your landlord the second to the last month rent. In the case the landlord has all your rent plus your damage deposit, and it appears you will not see any of the money again, you can take him to small claims court to get the money back. The suit costs only \$9.00 and neither party can have an attorney.

When you first move into your apartment make good notes of the condition of it. Take pictures and have witnesses to testify to any damages or bugs, etc. Also it may be a good idea to have the city make an official inspection. Any complaints you have (poor heating, peeling paint, dirty rugs, poor lighting) should be brought to the attention of your landlord and the city via letters and phone calls. Keep copies of all letters.

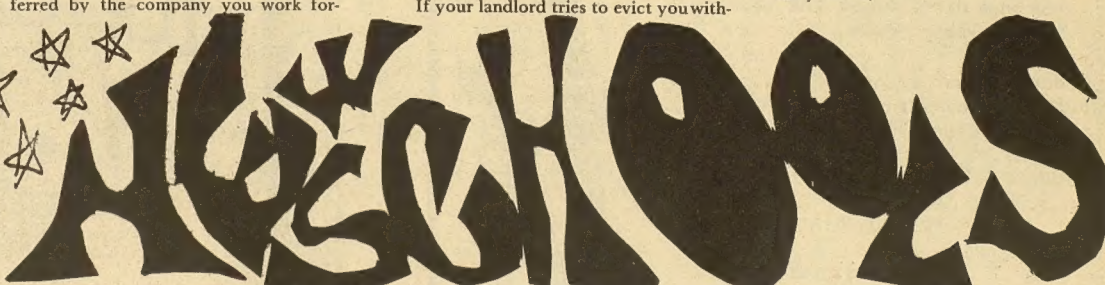
For further information on your rights as a tenant contact the A.A.T.U. 763-1102. They have up to date lists of the city housing code telling them what the landlord has to do to keep his house up to code. They also have people in their office who can answer many questions you may have.



There was this little kid at a Children's Community School meeting who said what he wanted most in his school was an elephant!

A very big handful of people are involved in putting together a place where everything's possible... a Free School built with hard work, guts, and the sanity to give all the kids something that has to do with them, their life style, their universal community, sharing the land and its resources. They are musicians, astrologers, teachers, artists, carpenters, mathematicians, craftsmen, cooks, philosophers and farmers... and they are eager open kids are the Children's Community. They'll build the school in every sense of the word; make pillows, books, build tables and shelves. You're gonna feel them all over town, jumping up and down like a giant

Argus/page six



bird who just got to know what wings were all about.

There's been a lot of talk about the problems of Public Schools. A lot written about the lack of "relevant education" and "outmoded methods". Some have chosen to work from the inside, some have chosen private schools and a few have opened "Free Schools" and hassled the State for accreditation, and struggled against beefed up building and health codes. Many had to shut down for failing to meet those requirements... and the requirements get stiffer. When you're a "long-haired levisportindopesmokin commie hippie." Well we're right out front, challenging the failures of Public Schools with a truly Free School, non-accredited by the state where we as a community demand the right to teach our own children. Our kids are going off to Public

School each morning to deal with glaring inconsistencies. The state is preparing them for assimilation into the suburban, stationwagon success syndrome through role definition, arbitrary discipline and token integration. If the kid's values coincide strongly with those in our community, he must question the parents' hypocrisy in sending him there. If the Public School

It's clearly absurd for us to send our kids to a school each morning where they must stand in line outside a building door, guarded by a 6th grade boy until a bell rings so they can go inside and sit at a desk to listen to the spouting of state determined rhetoric by a teacher who implements learning with books put together in an office in Princeton N.J....and the kids are seeing the absurdity too... from univer-

sities down through high schools and jr. highs... afford to wait for another home life style is diminished. If he makes no judgment then everyone's losing because noone's living or thinking hard enough. That kind of paradox of value doesn't need to exist... system succeeds in turning him into "society's child" then the credibility of his library to get busted up or another president's office to get invaded before we take the message and turn it into action. The Children's Community doesn't think so! We're working on a building and materials and loans and we've got a lot of faith in the energy in our community to take care of business...get behind their school and their kids, get their resources together.

Anybody know where we can find an elephant? YEA KIDS!

SCASPI

Last year in early October at Forsythe Jr. High, a group of radical and liberal students got together to form an after school club. With the help of 2 teachers, we set a regular meeting date, and called ourselves students Concerned About Social and Political Issues (SCASPI) It was October and we were all interested in the anti-war movement, so we asked Joe Taboni of New Mobe to come in and speak to us about the October 15 moratorium.

Unfortunately a "concerned citizen", Mrs. Ward, heard about Joe's scheduled talk. She came in to see what it was about and from then on became known as "the hitch". Her pressure on the administration against Joe and us made them tell us that we had to have someone in from the "other side" too. We said we wouldn't get or have anyone from the other side said that would be the end of our speakers if we didn't get the other side so, reluctantly we got a dude from Y.A.F. to come in (Y.A.F. Young Americans for Freedom, which is a fascist, racist organization.) He spoke and was laughed at by the students for being such an idiot. The above hassle was the first real hassle with the administration.

That was our second and last speaker to come in with that school organization. It was such a hassle with fascist parents and school principles that we started meeting at a church after school one day a week. Two women from the U of M (one has since become a registered nurse and the other is in Detroit with Y.A.W.F.--Youth Against War and Facism and had dropped out of school) met with us.

VENCEREMOS

We started as a rap session examining school problems. Then after about three times after meeting at the church we decided to start a paper called VENCEREMOS. There was no illegal policy to tell the Jr. Highs the rules on what they could put in their papers so we used the Senior High's policy. After two issues of our "communist oriented" "Jr. S.D.S." and "radical" paper, some unperson told the principle that we had broken two of the six articles of agreement. We hadn't broken the articles but nonetheless, we were notified that we could no longer distribute at school. The School Board decided to say the High School policy didn't apply to Jr. Highs, so we couldn't dis-

tribute anything until they wrote up the Jr. High policy (Which they still haven't done to this day, one year later!) We continued to distribute anyway, with repeated threats of suspension.

STUDENT POWER

During all this time a Black student member, Karen, was suspended for hitting a teacher. About 18 of us responded to this by attending the conference between the teacher, the Vice Principle, Karen, and Karen's mother. Her mother wanted us there. The Vice Principle didn't saying we had had no right to be there which we did. Karen's mother brought the Human Relations man from the School Board who supported Karen's being re-admitted with full make-up privileges. Karen had been out one week with no make-up privileges and still they wanted her out more time for punishment without being able to make-up the time missed which means credits lost. Our venture was successful because Karen was re-admitted with make-up. This was our first real victory using student power.

During the En Act Teach In at the U of M, we were required to bring in a note two days in advance to be excused. This was told to us the day of activity and even then only a few students heard about it. We decided that we were going anyway so about 25-30 of us walked out even though the principle told us we couldn't. The next day at noon we did the same thing, but this time our ranks had swelled and most of the students had their parents behind them and some even met in the lunchroom, boosted the morale of the students who we scared and walked out again. That must have blown their minds!

The student strike that swept across the country in May, also swept across Forsythe Jr. High. A city wide mass meeting of students was held a week before the strike. At that meeting the strike Steering Committee was formed which consisted of two people from each school, (Pioneer, Huron, Forsythe, Tappan and Scarlett). We planned the strike around three issues:

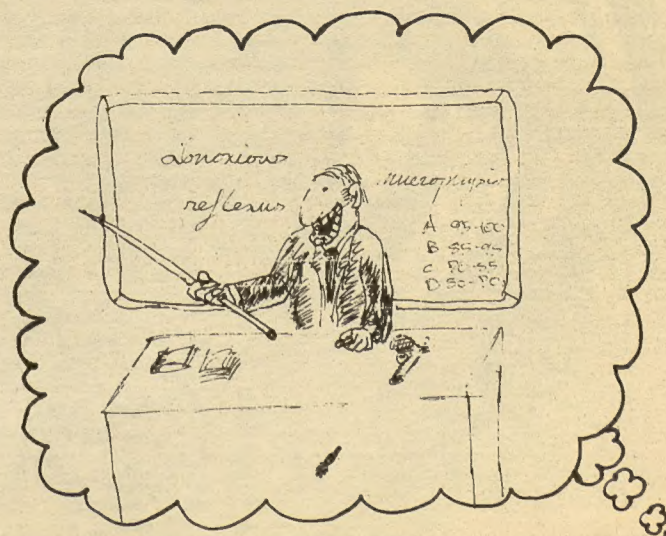
1. The Cambodian Invasion;
2. The Kent State, Jackson, and Augusta murders;
3. Free Bobby Seale!

A march and rally was planned for a Monday. We asked for an assembly for the day before the strike, so the students could make a rational decision as to whether or not they wanted to strike. In-

stead, our school planned an assembly for the day after the strike. The assembly wasn't too good.

Now the struggle is very alive and is growing almost by the day. We have started VENCERAMOS! again only this year it is in all the Jr. and Sr. High's. The Sr. Highs are doing it under the Articles of Agreement, but me being in Jr. High face the fact I might be suspended for distribution if I ~~pass~~ anything else out. Of course I am going to but I have my mom's support which helps alot. I also have the fact that the fucking administration is doing the no distribution thing illegally. Lots of students don't have their parents support so that puts lots of hassles on them.

Power to the Students!
Tina and Greta Schiller
P.S. Any donation of money, paper, ink, machines or anything else for our struggle is welcome.



If you have a poem
that you like
and have written
it yourself
send it to:
708 Arch street
Ann Arbor
We might even
print it

The Chant of the Tree-Soul

They have cut me.
They have butchered me, the me

The Chant of the Tree-Soul

They have cut me.
They have butchered me,
the men!
They have dragged me
like fools
athwart my home,
my sunlighted home.
All my brothers bowed
their branches
and wept--because they knew.
They have torn the grove.
They have killed all shadows,
all silences;
and they dragged me amidst
the hiccoughs
of their beast,
the machine,
spitting at me,
the bound one,
the tormented!
They have thrown me
into the stream
and i have drifted and
rotted for
and I have drifted and
rotted for days
tossed by waves lacerated
by rocks,
till now all is dark,
dark and wet,
and memory is gone...
all memories.

We have stopped. I hear
the men talking
It is here... Soon all
will be ended.
I hear the shrieking
of the mills,
the poor wooden souls
that shriek
because they fear to die.
I shall not cry...
I shall be brave:
for I know...I know
that yonder,

far amid the plains,
little children sob
because they are cold
and shelterless.

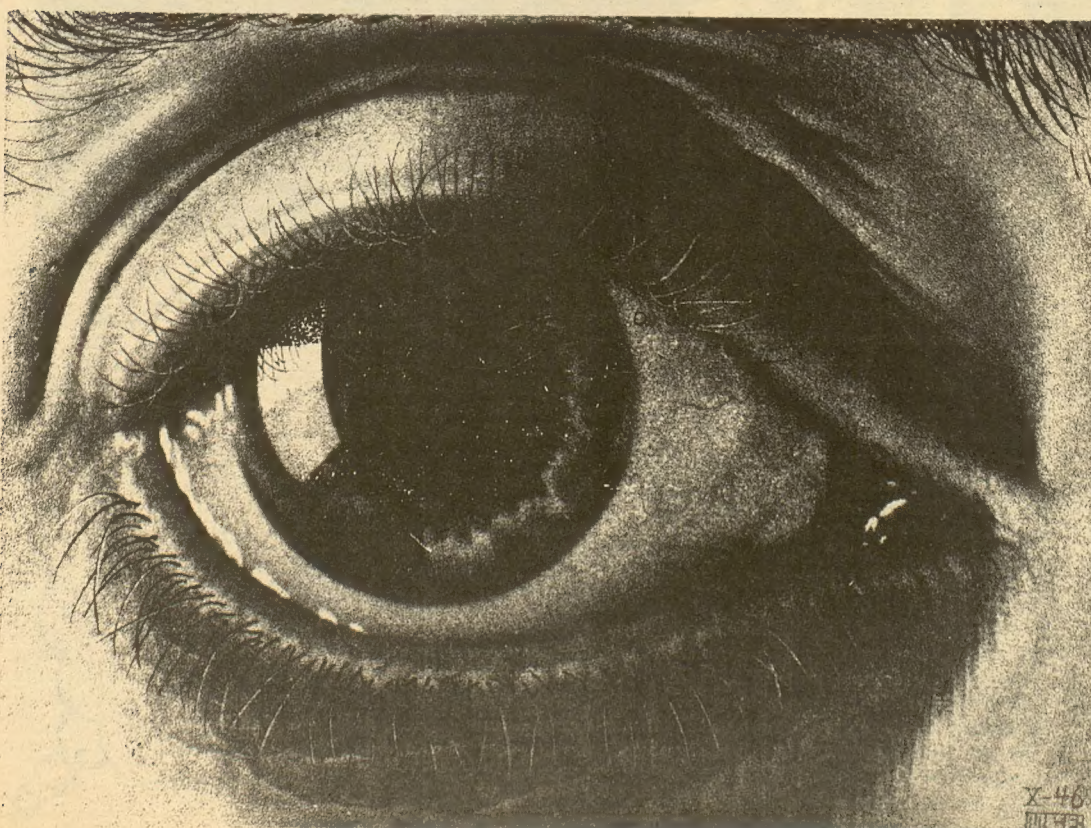
Oh! what a beautiful
my body,
my torn body, will make
for them!

---by Dane Ručhyar
Taken from the book
OF VIBRANCY AND PEACE



— Phil

Fuck you you lowdown
motherfucker
I'll get ya ... I'll get ya
and shoot ya with my speed
O.D. O.D.



fuck ya you old hag
call me a hag will ya
sure will ya hag
Omy Omy I'll have to
call my doctor and
aw fuck you ya hag quit
babbling or I'll have ya
for my dinner
O my Omy call for dinner
eeeeee zishhhshhhs
no shit mom ya going to have
me for dinner
look what you done
you got him
hallucination
too
you hag

The bourgeois press seized upon my recent capture by the federal pigs as an occasion to inject more confusion into the minds of the American public. Focusing the bulk of its articles on my personality and background, the press has clearly attempted to camouflage the political issues involved in my case.

Regardless of what degrees I may have, regardless of my external appearance and psychological make-up, the reality of my present situation is this: the reactionary pig forces in this country have chosen to persecute me because I am a Communist revolutionary participating together with millions of oppressed people throughout the world, designed to overthrow all of the conditions that stand in the way of our freedom.

While newspapers and magazines wasted pages upon pages, attempting to resurrect my past, they should have instead been cognizant of hundreds upon hundreds of American revolutionaries who have been confronted with a fate no different than mine.

Government agents incessantly employ the most devious and barbarous means to rid the country of all those who are challenging racism, exposing capitalist exploitation, and working, organizing and fighting for freedom.

Scores of members of the Black Panther Party have been mutilated and murdered, hundreds from among their ranks have been shoved into the nation's prisons; and still others have been forced into exile. And the Soledad Brothers continue to battle with the representatives of the repressive prison apparatus, programmed to offer death by gas to anyone who dares to speak out against racism and propagates the idea of freedom among captives.

Ronald Reagan and the state of California, having first demanded my job because I am a member of the Communist Party, are now demanding my life. Why?

Not because I am the dangerous criminal they portray; not because I am guilty of their framed up charge for

which there is no evidence whatsoever, but because, in their warped vision, a revolutionary is a priority criminal. Turning myself in to Ronald Reagan and his accomplices would have been equivalent to placing my head voluntarily on the executioner's block.

The death of Jonathan Jackson at San Raefal was not only a deep and crushing blow to me, his family and friends, but a profound loss to the world revolutionary movement. No black man or woman can fail to understand the unbearable pressure which led Jonathan to his death; struck down in the midst of battle.

His courage and self-sacrifice leave us with a legacy which no force can eradicate.

My flight was unsuccessful. I have been captured. To me, this means I must strengthen my will to fight this monstrous system.

I am one more who is being held captive, but more important, the revolution continues to grow in vigor and verve. Our enemies find themselves confronted with a growing awareness among the people that the concentrated effort to maim and murder revolutionaries is just another form of the daily genocide of police brutality, and impoverished living conditions of ghettos and barrios.

If masses of people will fulfill their obligation to protect the men and women who have devoted their lives to the struggle for equality and freedom, let there be no doubt about it — victory will soon be ours.

LONG LIVE THE MEMORY OF
JONATHAN JACKSON
FREE ERICKA, BOBBY, THE NEW
YORK PANTHERS, SOLEDAD
BROTHERS

AND ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS

POWER TO THE PEOPLE

signed

Angela Yvonne Davis
Women's House of
Detention
New York



Angela speaks

The Marin County Grand Jury on Tuesday indicted Angela Davis on charges of kidnap, murder, and conspiracy. She is charged with plotting to take hostages in the August 7 Marin County Courthouse incident in which Judge Harold Halley, 2 prisoners and Jonathan Jackson (younger brother of Soledad Brother George Jackson) were all killed. Listed in the indictment are 13 alleged overt acts to

support the conspiracy charge, including: plotting with Jackson, accompanying him to purchase a shotgun two days before the shooting, giving him two guns she had purchased earlier, visiting the slder Jackson at San Quentin on August 5, visiting the courthouse the next day.

The indictment is being forwarded to Gov. Reagan for his gleeful transmission to New York authorities to expedite the extradition proceeding against Angela.

Over two thousand community street freeks, students, Vermont farmers. Yippies and White Panthers gathered at the first New Nation People's Celebration November 16-20 at the University of Buffalo.

For the most part, it was a high-energy pow-wow, starting Allen Ginsberg reading fresh poetry, the San Francisco Mime Troupe presenting two moving plays, geurilla puppet shows, newly returned Venceremos Brigaders high off socialism, and the beaming voice of Tim Leary greeting us via Jennifer Dorn's tape recorder. Genie Plamondon and I went representing the White Panther Party. The Boston Chapter of the WPP was also there there.

It was put together by the folks from the Niagra Liberation Front, who wanted the Buffalo community to meet with people from all over the country and talk about defining the New Nation, figuring out how to be New People. Thirty people from Free Vermont, a group living out in the country, rapped about really living the life culture--growing communes, healthy food as a community serve-the-people program along with free garages and stores, and generally bringing the city and country closer together. They brought with them a dynamite movie they made about how their family is growing, showing the organic raising of their consciousness to a revolutionary level.

The Mime Troupe broke down all separation of "entertainers" vs "audience", mixing freely all the time with everyone, and did their two new plays--a surreal rendition of Bobby Seale's trial--and "The Independent Woman", an expose of the incred-

by Terry Taube



ible sexism of Western Culture. Plus three killer puppet shows, including one telling people in precise detail how to rip off Pa Bell.

Bob Scheer, recently returned from Korea, Vietnam and China told about travelling in advance socialist countries with the Anti-Imperialist Delegation, including Eldridge Cleaver and people from Berkely's Red Family.

We also had good meetings with the Vermont and Boston White Panther people, talking about improving ways of satisfying community needs and relating to lots more people specific community problems, yet the lack of organization prevented them from happening. So the energy level fluctuated up and down too much. People also also felt there was too much of a split between the conference mass-level educating of college students and Buffalo people, and specific groups trying to formulate revolutionary strategies.

Throughout the whole conference there was a real need for workshops for people to talk in small groups about on a killer Beggars Banquet of fresh applejuice, squash, macrc breads, brown rice and vegetables, and muskmellon that fed more than 350 people. Then everyone came together in a snake-dance to Indian warwhoops ans conga drums, making peoples music.

KEN KESEY

Dear Good Doctor Timothy:

Congratulations! The only positive memories I have from all my legal experiences was getting away. A good escape almost makes up for the fucking bust.

But listen to me, please, with a stillness. Listen to me as you would any fellow felon and fugitive and, mainly, friend. With stillness, old timer, and patience, because I must say this carefully and with respect for your ears and not the media. It is October 10th, the Day of Atonement. Before beginning my fast at midnight I dropped some sunshine and now I have to make my try.

I've also been doing a media fast, vowing this last summer solstice to try for six months to neither heed nor feed a beast which I am convinced is nourished by the blood and anguish of confrontations which the beast itself promotes. So all magazines, newspapers, TV or radio have been refreshingly absent the last few months. Lots of farming and community and trying to hear the earth and the people without the message filtered through Madison Avenue's dollar. The true news always penetrates anyway:

"Did you hear? Leary flew the coop!"

"Far fucking out!"

Speculations were rampant and Joyous. "I hope he gets his ass to India or someplace. Old Leary de-

serves some good R and R because, shit, man, how long's it been? Ten, twelve years now and right in there all the time taking on all comers and never a whimper and you can tell, man, working where it counts inside and out *all* the time . . ."

Then that letter came out. "You read that letter of Leary's in the Free Press? Saying it's sacred to shoot cops and that he's armed and dangerous? That doesn't sound like something he'd put out. It sounds like some of them militants trying to jack a buncha people up . . ."

I read the letter. Halfway through I was sure it was you talking. And it grieved me because I perceived that you hadn't escaped after all.

Don't misunderstand me, doctor; I wish in no way to cool your fervor. We all know what is at stake. Unless the material virus that has been burrowing for decades into the spirit of this country is somehow branded and checked, unless our I/it lustings are outgrown and our rapings of earth and each other stopped, in short unless we became the gentle and enlightened people we all know ourselves capable of becoming, we shall surely lose not only our life and land but, like Esau, our birthright. And worst of all, the birthrights of our children.

In this battle, Timothy, we need every mind and every soul; but oh my doctor we don't need one more nut with a gun. I know what jail

makes you feel but don't let them get your head in their cowboys-and-Indian script. If they can plant a deep enough rage in you they make of you an ally. Rage is mainly a media brew anyway, concocted of frustrations and self-pity over a smoky fire of righteousness, for the purpose of making headline ink. What we need, doctor, is inspiration, enlightenment, *creation*, not more headlines. Put down that gun, clear that understandable ire from your Irish heart and pray for the vision wherein lies our only true hope. If it still comes up guns then God be with you in your part of the battle, but if it doesn't come up guns I beg you to print a reconsideration. I do not mean to scold someone so much my senior in so many ways; I just don't want to lose you. What I really mean is stay cool and alive and high and out of cages.

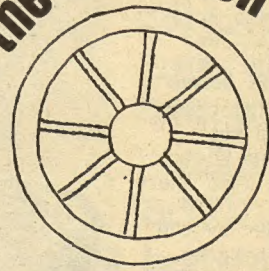
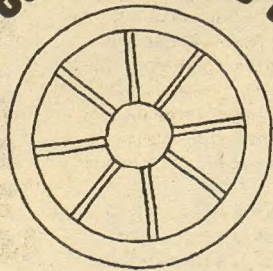
And keep in mind what somebody, some Harvard holy man I think it was, used to tell us years ago: "The revolution is over and we have won." The poor country still may not survive and even if it does survive and comes again to its feet, there's still years of work and suffering and atonement before we can expect it to walk straight and healthy once more, but the Truth is already in the records: the revolution is over and we have won.

With all my respect and prayers,
Ken Kesey



FRIJID PINK

the greatest thing to happen to Detroit since the invention of the wheel



... and here's their newest model ...



Timothy Leary Answers

Ken Kesey from Algeria With a bang !!!

This is Timothy Leary, speaking to you from La Madrogue-- a beautiful fishing port outside of Algiers, Algeria. My first message of to Allen Ginsburg. I want Allen to know that I am alive and well with Rosemary and that rumors to the contrary that I have been offed by the CIA are grossly exaggerated.



To continue running down some of the many rumors that have spiraled around our recent activities--yes, I did carry over the wall from the POW camp the message which has been widely reprinted in the underground press. My escape from prison and Rosemary's and my escape from the country was engineered, executed, designed and aesthetically carried off by the noble and beautiful Weatherman Underground. And since we have been in Algeria we have been under the wise, benign, and loving protection of the Black Panthers, led by the genial genius, Eldridge Cleaver.

It is true that in the company of Field Marshall DC of the Black Panther Party, Jennifer Dohrn and Marty Kenner, I embarked on an adventurous trip throughout the Middle East to visit the Palestinian guerillas. ALL statements that we were ejected from Arab countries or received hostility are distortions by the wicked, pig, capitalist, bourgeois press. We were received everywhere with open fraternal arms.

Many people have asked me since our escape what brought about the change in my attitude which now appears to be more militant than before. Rosemary and I can see no change in our behaviour or in our attitude. The United States' government has changed in the last ten years. We have always followed a philosophy of live and let live, love and let love, feel good; but never did we suggest or im-

ply that it was our duty or our trip to become masochistic pigeons or to sit by quietly like good Germans and let a genocidal, robot police establishment wipe us out one by one. As long as there was any pretense at Constitutional law and order in the United States we went along with it, but it became apparent to everyone about a year ago that such pretenses had worn thin, and that there in not protection for the individual citizen who cares about freedom in the United States today.

There is much talk these days about violence back in Babylon. You know that's all a vamp and a fraud. When a few beautiful Weathermen blow up a statue of a pig in Chicago that's considered to be violence; but the government everyday accelerates its deliberate program of arming fascist governments throughout the world. One hundred percent of all violent weapons are owned and operated by governments; and to fight against a machine, to disconnect a mechanical robot, is not a violent act. It is a righteous gesture of sacred Buddha, of self-defense, of manly art, of womanly duty to off a pig who threatens your life or your freedom.

In the past few years we have seen two great movements emerge in the United States sweeping towards peace and freedom. One is a cultural revolution of people who have turned on and dropped out of the pig establishment, looking for personal balance and internal freedom at the same time that many of their brothers and sisters have inlisted in the external struggle, the political revolution. There can not be one without the other. The political revolutionary who is not turned on is a political robot and the power system he expounds will be no improvement on the robot system he seeks to destroy. The political revolutionary must be turned on to seek and tap his internal energy; by the same token, the hippie movement a process of internal discovery and personal religion, if it is not tied to a social movement becomes self-indulgent, self-preoccupied and the energies cannot be channelled and kept moving. Much to our joy we have seen emerging in the last few months in the very mid-Western heart of Babylon, a movement of acid revolutionaries, turned-on freedom fighters, the Weatherman Underground, beautiful and holy young people in certain touch with their internal energies and in precise control of the machinery for destroying the external genocidal system. You read the Tibetan Book of the Dead and you learn how acid produces the White Light, then you read Marighella and learn how dynamite produces the illuminating blast that blows up

the external system. Blow your mind and blow up the prisons and controlling systems of the genocidal culture. The number one target of our activity and center for our prayers are the prisons, the POW camps, of Babylon. There is no excuse for one brother or sister to remain a prisoner of the genocidal system. Our strongest and most beautiful leaders are now imprisoned. We must free them. Free Bobby! Free John Sinclair! Free Ericka! Free Angela Davis!

We have been very impressed at learning at close hand and face to face about the global international nature of the liberation movement. All through the Middle East, as a matter of fact in every country of the world, there are people like ourselves dedicated to fight and win freedom. A global conversation is taking place. What happens at Kent State is listened to by liberation fighters in Brazil; what happens in Uruguay stimulates and encourages liberation movements in Ireland and Athens. It really does exist--a tremendous global brotherhood and sisterhood of people who want to live and let live and who are determined they will not compromise or bow down to a police state, militaristic government. One thing that you must know is that throughout the world freedom-loving people look to America; they recognize that the Amerikan government is the great oppressor of freedom throughout the world and they also recognize that the Amerikan government can only be toppled and replaced by American youth and American blacks.

There's just not much time to hang around. Keep it moving! Everytime the government acts, we must react. Everytime the Weathermen act, there've got to be mass celebrations and public demonstrations of support for these beautiful young white people. And everytime the Panthers struggle for their freedom and ours there must be public and private demonstrations of support for these vanguard heroes of our movement.

Today is November 1, 1970, the anniversary date of the beginning of the Algerian revolution. Sixteen or seventeen years ago the Algerians picked up guns and started their battle for liberation against the powerful French Empire. Brothers and Sisters--they won. Their deeds and their struggle for freedom have inspired similar movements in countries throughout the world. We are all together; it is one world of brotherhood and sisterhood. And freedom will come, even to J. Edgar Hoover's Babylon.

In closing, Rosemary has a message for our friends in Babylon: Smoke it! SMOKE IT! AND BLOW IT UP!



(excerpts from a review of the albums "The Rationals" and "Travelers Tale" by the SRC, written by John Sinclair for Jazz & Pop)

Not many people outside of Michigan know anything about the development of local bands as forces in the Detroit/Ann Arbor rock and roll culture. But just because it was never "discovered" by the music industry doesn't mean that there wasn't a tremendous concentration of rock and roll energy and talent in Detroit. The Motor City scene, as it existed at its height in 1968-69, was the strongest and also the farthest-out rock and roll center in the world, even though the bands and the people who were involved in it didn't have any idea of how strong and beautiful their thing was. Having been brought up in the plastic morass of America and taught that only the "experts" (the ones with the big money know what's happening at any given time and place, the bands and the people in Detroit had (and still have) the feeling that their scene wasn't shit because they weren't reading about it all the time in the papers, or watching it on tv, no big-shot pop fashion-mongers were dribbling out their precious opinions about Detroit music (although we did manage to suck some people into coming out to hear the MC-5 in 1968, it scared them to death and they never came back). The record companies were reluctant to come out too, and when we did get some attention with the MC-5 and the Stooges TIME magazine called it a "revolutionary hype" and Rolling Stone followed suit, so the owners weren't too eager to risk anything more on that kind of situation.

The Detroit music scene was and is built on the consciousness of the people of the youth colony there, and it was and is shaped precisely by the social circumstances which surround it and give it life. In other words, this music couldn't have emerged anywhere else, not at any other time than that out of which it did emerge, and since it was so precise to its roots it has had an equally precise effect of the people who gave rise to it, which is the highest use to which music can put itself.

Now the SRC and the Rationals are and always have been integral forces in the Detroit scene—they have been defined by it and they have likewise helped very much to define it. The purest manifestation of what I mean by the Detroit sound was the MC-5 in its prime, 1968-69, which coincided with the prime of the scene too, and in order to understand what that scene was all about it would be worth some time to talk about the

The MC-5 were "a whole thing", as I wrote at the time—they were one with their music and one with their people, there was no separation, and every body got down together in the music which gave expression to their collective consciousness in that time and place. The MC-5's music was wholly integrated—it was inspired by the people and the social conditions in Detroit, and in a purely musical term it was integrated on a different level, being based on the sound they built up out of their banks of amplifiers and speakers something they were into long before the "big" groups started using all that equipment).

Their

songs were constructed out of that sound, to give definition to the sound and to the social circumstances out of which the sound was born. The power of the amplifiers was built into the songs and arrangements of other people's songs they used, they were not separable from it, and in that sense the MC-5 made what can best be described as a "post-western" music, in the same sense that Archie Shepp's or John Coltrane's or Cecil Taylor's or Sun Ra's music can only be called post-western. That is, these musics destroy separation on every level, and separation is the basis of all western musics up to and including most of rock and roll expression.

It was only natural, then, that the MC-5 related so strongly at one time to the music of Sun Ra, Archie Shepp, Trane, Pharaoh Sanders et al, because they were to rock and roll what these brothers are to "jazz"—music—its extension into the post-western "present future" (LeRoi Jones' term). Their music, like that of these other brothers, grew directly out of their social stance, and defined and reflected that stance in musical form.

In one term the MC-5, the Up, and possibly the Stooges are analogous to the Jefferson Airplane, the Grateful Dead, and Big Brother and Holding Company in its first prime, in that they represent the purest expression of what is meant by a Detroit sound, and also in that they reflect the general consciousness of the people in Detroit as the SF bands mentioned reflect the general consciousness of their people.

The differences between the two cultural centers—Detroit and San Francisco—is evident in their music, as the music is always the purest formal expression of the social forces at work in any given scene; and where the SF scene is characterized by a "folk"-blues based music, a low-pressure good vibes feeling, and a loose freaky relationship with its audiences, the Detroit scene can equally be characterized by a rock and urban-soul based music, an intense high-energy feeling, and a close tight involvement with its audience. And these qualities are also evident in the same term in the music of each place as they are evident in the physical and social life of the two metropolitan complexes.

I mean that San Francisco and Detroit are probably polar opposites in terms of the general social context of Amerika today: San Francisco being the loosest, most open, freest metropolitan center in the country, existing as it does at the extreme western edge of western civilization in its purest sense (which is only to say that Japan is not purely western yet) and retaining some characteristics of the western frontier; while Detroit, in the center of the country both physically and metaphorically, is on of the tightest, nastiest, dirtiest, most rigidly policed cities in Amerika.

For a quick example, when the first be-ins emerged in all their accepted glory in early 1967, San Francisco them more or less warmly, since they were born out of the open social situation there and reflected that situation albeit in its freakiest form; but when we organized a love-in in Detroit that same

each other out of jail. So like I say, the music and came to represent it as precisely as the De. I take so much time on this because there has been an attempt made (and I'm not so sure I'm being a Detroit-music phenomenon as what it is, the o Amerika outside of San Francisco.

See, the local is the only stick we have to beat our culture from the creeps who have ripped it from description or dictum from Le Roi Jones' Black off when it begins to reflect blank, any place is a kook, and not the fire and promise and need of an artist's resources must be of the strongest, purest and straightest and deepest. Where is the is the deepest and most meaningful art and life everything you use (used to) love." You

Let me put it this way: what the record companies are interested in from our culture is commodified for a profit. The music means nothing to them, it's just a threat to their class hegemony by, for the destruction of western thought and the culture will get interested, concerned enough at least to one or another—by denying it further access to control, or by buying it off, which for their overwhelming majority of the bands and people through the music are incredibly naive about this place they are usually very easy to deal with and roll imperialists; in fact they are usually of them, and they will do it all in the name of that good old Amerikan dollar.

When San Francisco people's culture started, it was easy for the r&r imperialists to rip off the musicians and the movers in the scene had such a beautiful vision—they felt (and most of us at least, I myself felt) that this was going to be public to the new spirit/culture, by sending out established mass media. Recording contracts soon all the bands who had any "commercial in the confines of the standard Amerikan economic capitalism.

The bands accepted industry more or less and started doing what they expected of them record after record, everything else short of



spring, in happy emulation of the San Francisco scene, the Detroit police rode down on the people there and ended up beating and clubbing hundreds of long-hairs while chasing us out of the park we had begged from the city for the day.

When the summer of love was flowering in San Francisco that year, 10,000 people were arrested in Detroit as the inhabitants of the black and poor white colonies rose up to strike out at the police and industrial oppression they felt every day. And the neighborhood where the freaks lived in Detroit was the center of the uprising, the physical center of the city and the sector which bears the brunt of the constant police terrorism directed against the people. While the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead were playing in the parks of San Francisco, the MC-5 and the Up were barricading their doors against police attacks and bailing

projecting themselves and the segregated from the people in plastic motels at restaurants, surrounded by industry hype men charge without even knowing it, and it's going to regain that charge.

I mean you don't travel across the country, one night here and one weekend there, every week your price and isolation increasing all the time one morning you wake up in Cincinnati, say a stadium at \$10,000 for a 45-minute "live" performance people are getting beat up by the police rent the greedhead promoters, you wake up in the light up a joint and suddenly you realize that when you started playing the music for people you're something else altogether, and if you

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DOC HIP'S HOT TIPS

ARGUS: You talked at the University tonight. Run it down.

HIP: I guess there were about 100 people there. They were a group of psychiatrists from Michigan, most of them were from Ann Arbor and Detroit. They asked me to speak, and I decided to talk about my column—the kinds of questions I get, and how I answer them. Most of the questions I get deal with sex—the rest are mostly about drugs and diet.

ARGUS: What was their reaction? Where were they coming from asking these questions?

HIP: They were curious to know about the kinds of questions I get. One of them was putting down some of the people who write the questions, which I thought was rather strange coming from a psychiatrist.

ARGUS: Could you tell us about the place where your column comes from, and what the setup is like?

HIP: I have a woman helping me who took a year at a medical clinic, and she helps me with it. I write it—she helps do the research when it's required. Most of the answers I get out of my own head, or I just look it up in a text book if necessary. Sometimes I'll call on friends of mine who are special-

ists in different fields, like gynecology. I live in Berkeley. It's sent out by a group called Bookworks—they send it out to the different papers. The papers get it free if they don't have any money.

ARGUS: Are you involved with any medical clinics in Berkeley?

HIP: I was with the Student Health Service in Cal for four years up until this summer. Now I'm working on a couple of books. I have a book now out called "Dr. Hipocrates, and I'm working on two others. One will be another book based on the columns; it'll be called "Drug, Sex and Treason"—something for everyone, and the other one will be a general kind of health book on health problems of young adults.

ARGUS: Are you concerned at all with foods and nutrition?

HIP: Yeah, that's the third largest category of questions I get. First sex, then drugs and then nutrition and health. I try to answer them, but there aren't a lot of answers in this field. People ask about vegetarian or macrobiotic diets, but there isn't really very much known. The important thing is to be aware as much as you can about the foods that you take into your body. Some of

the macrobiotic diets are so extreme that people don't do well on them—they're lacking certain vitamins and minerals. The same is true with people who go on all-fruit diets. But people will do well on most any kind of diet if they follow it regularly, ranging from all meat to no meat. I don't know if meat makes people aggressive—Owsley ate almost nothing but meat for 10 years, and he claimed that it was good for his head. But meat isn't necessary, and you can do very well without eating meat, if you have enough protein sources.

ARGUS: I'm really interested in the questions that people ask you about smack and speed. Do you refer them to places in their community?

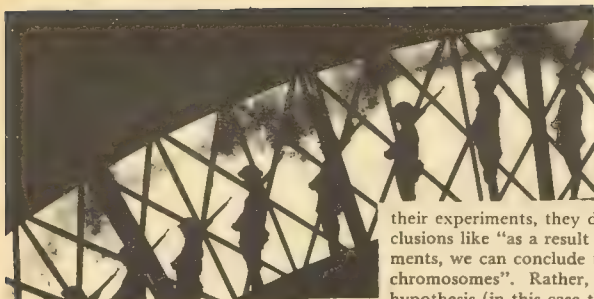
HIP: Sometimes people write to me and say they want help with a certain drug problem or medical problem, and I have a list of free clinics in the country, and I refer them to them.

ARGUS: What about just general questions about hard drugs?

HIP: I try to give the best information that I have about them by telling people what the normal effects will be, the side effects, the dangers. Let's say if someone asks about shooting smack, I'll point out that serum hepatitis really runs rampant among people who shoot drugs, because they share needles or syringes, and the virus stays in the needle for a long time and even boiling the needle or syringe in water won't necessarily kill the virus because the incubation period is so long—up to six months with serum hepatitis. Many people can be infected with the disease before the symptoms appear. This is not even speaking about the drug effects itself, or the drug. Of course the drug isn't pure, a lot of people get infections because of the impure drug. I try to give this kind of information—I don't say that someone is evil because he does this, I'll say that he or she has a really good chance of getting sick or done in by using certain drugs. Like smack—you can say that it's the leading cause of deaths among young adults in New York City. You know, that would make me think twice about using it, and I don't think I have any hangups about pleasure.

(continued on page nineteen)





Introduction

There are two questions to be answered in regard to LSD and its effects on chromosomes. Does acid when eaten or taken by other means cause breaks and gaps in the chromosomes of the user? Do these breaks and gaps, when they occur, result in any harm to the user or his or her future children? The first of these two questions is dealt with in this review of some of the recent literature concerning LSD and chromosome damage.

Chromosomes are more or less rod-like chains of genes. Genes are sort of information storage units. The structure of any gene serves as a pattern for the reproduction of attributes of a form of life. Certain genes or combinations of genes in the chromosomal chain will, for example, determine eye color, height, or size of hands. The chromosomes are in the center, or nucleus, of every living cell. Many types of deformations, retardations, and other strangenesses in humans and other animals can be traced to abnormalities in chromosomes.

Two basically different types of experiments are involved in answering the question of whether or not LSD causes abnormalities in chromosomes. These are the *in vitro* and *in vivo* experiments. *In vitro* means in glass, as in a test tube. *In vivo* means in a living body. The *in vitro* experiments involve applications of LSD to samples of living tissue (in acid experiments so far, the tissue has been human red blood cells). The cells are allowed to incubate for a few days, then a chemical is added to stop the cells at a certain stage of cell division. Then the cells are scanned under a microscope, and the number of chromosomal breaks and gaps are counted up. The *in vivo* experiments differ in that blood samples are taken from an LSD user.

It's not enough to count up the breaks and gaps and announce "no sweat" or "acid fucks chromosomes". A comparison must be made between the number of breaks and gaps in the samples exposed to LSD and samples that haven't been exposed to LSD. These samples which have not been exposed are known as control samples, and they establish a sort of norm so that a conclusion can be made as to whether the number of breaks and gaps in the experimental sample are significantly higher than normal. The control samples also help to determine what effect the experimental procedure has on the samples, and how much the procedure is distorting the results.

The number of samples is important. If you're sampling days to determine what kind of weather occurs on the planet, and you sample only two days, you can come up with really limited conclusions. In general, more experimental samples produce more reliable results.

Finally, it is important to grok the idea that an experiment never proves a general theory, it just substantiates it a little more. When scientists report on

their experiments, they don't make conclusions like "as a result of our experiments, we can conclude that LSD smashes chromosomes". Rather, they state their hypothesis (in this case the hypothesis that LSD when applied to cells either *in vitro* or *in vivo* causes significantly greater numbers of breaks and gaps) and then conclude whether the experiment produced positive results (which support the hypothesis) or negative results (which negate the hypothesis).

The *in vitro* experiment

The controversy over LSD and chromosome damage began with a report by M.M. Cohen, M.J. Marinello, and N. Back of the State University of New York published in 1967. Red blood samples were taken from one healthy male and one healthy female. Lysergic acid diethylamide was added to these samples in various concentrations (100, 30, 10, 1, 0.1, 0.01, 0.001 micrograms per cubic centimeter of red blood cells). The samples were exposed to the LSD for varying periods of time (48, 24, and 12 hours) before chemicals were added to stop cell activity. The control samples consisted of untreated red blood from the same two individuals, plus samples from two other males and two other females.

Chromosome preparations were made and scanned under microscopes for abnormalities. The samples that were treated with 100 and 50 micrograms per cubic centimeter suffered cellular disintegration, and the number of analyzable cells was insufficient to warrant a count of breaks and gaps. In the other LSD treated samples "at least a twofold increase in the rate of chromosomal breaks over the control rate was evident for all treatments (except 0.001 micrograms per cubic centimeter for four hours)".

The report concluded that "the significance of these findings cannot be assessed fully. However, LSD-25 is apparently another agent capable of quickly producing chromosomal damage *in vitro*."

Another aspect of this report was an *in vivo* study of chromosomal damage in red blood cells taken from a schizophrenic who had received 15 treatments with LSD-25 over a period of four years. The samples, taken eight months after the last dose, revealed four times as many chromosomal breaks as the control.

This study received criticism from J.A. DiPaolo of the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Md. He stated that "the relevance of chromosomal abnormalities would be difficult to assess even if they had been dealt with as part of this study." In addition, he felt that the *in vitro* experiment did not indicate that LSD would cause chromosome damage *in vivo*.

I have heard reports from many people that aspirin, caffeine, salt water, and a variety of other commonly ingested agents have been shown to cause significant chromosomal damage to red blood cells *in vitro*. Research, however, has failed to turn up any written reports of experiments of this kind. Please contact me at the Argus if you can give me a source.

The *in vivo* experiments

Attention quickly turned to *in vivo* experimentation with LSD-25, as this was more relevant to the actual circum-

stances of LSD use. Problems arose because of the impossibility, and the ethical and legal undesirability, of obtaining LSD for administration to volunteers. As a result, blood samples were taken either from users of street acid like you and me, or from subjects such as mental patients, who had been previously treated with LSD-25 as part of a therapeutic program. Because street acid users generally stated that they had ingested other types of psychedelics, the experiments conducted with persons who had been administered LSD therapeutically can be accepted as more reliable.

In 1967 S. Irwin (U. of Oregon Med School) and J. Egozcue (Oregon Regional Primate Research Center) compared chromosome damage in eight informal users of LSD with damage in nine control subjects. Some of the volunteers who claimed to have used LSD also said they had eaten other psychedelics. The LSD users averaged about twice as many chromosomal breaks in red blood samples as the controls.

W.D. Loughman, T.W. Sargent, and D.M. Isrealstam of the Donner Lab of Medical Physics and Biophysics, U. of C. at Berkeley, ran a series of tests on six men and two women who had informally used LSD, as well as other psychedelics. 19 control subjects were involved. The conclusion: "LSD, in doses as high as 4,000 micrograms, has not been shown to damage the chromosomes of red blood cells *in vivo*." As an interesting side light, the report suggests that, in view of research undertaken by this group of scientists, "LSD is in the blood for a mean period of exposure [of] four hours."

In 1968 L. Bender and D.V. Siva Sankar of New York's Creedmoor State Hospital scanned chromosome samples that had been taken from 5 schizophrenic children who had received two daily doses, totalling 100-150 micrograms of acid for weeks, months or years, as part of a therapeutic program "with favorable results".

The samples were compared with those of children who had not received LSD. "Chromosome breakage of less than two percent of those examined were found in the children who had received LSD-25 and also in those who had not." The report continued, "Although this is by no means a conclusive study of the chromosomes in the children in our hospital who received LSD-25, the negative findings are significant because these children received up to 150 micrograms daily of pure chemical over a known period of time, even as long as two and three years, in contrast with studies by Irwin and Egozcue, whose subjects received unknown materials of unknown strength."

In the same issue of *Science*, which has published all new reports in English pertaining to LSD and chromosome damage, researchers Irwin and Egozcue respond to recent experiments, admitting that "except for the single positive case reported by Cohen, *et al*, there is no direct evidence to date demonstrating chromosomal damage after pure LSD-25 administration."

R.S. Sparkes, J. Melynk, and L.P. Bo-



zetti added to the evidence against LSD related chromosome damage in a report published in 1968. Scanning red blood samples from four regular users of street acid, and four subjects who had received many 300-500 microgram doses of LSD therapeutically, they compared the results with those of control samples taken from four individuals. The report concluded that "statistical evaluation of the data indicates no significant difference between the control groups and the two groups of LSD users. Moreover the results show no correlation between the total degree of exposure to LSD, or the proximity of the last dose, and chromosomal damage."

The report added that experimenters who had "demonstrated that LSD does cause chromosomal damage also found higher rates of chromosomal breakage in their control groups." Further, they discussed the evaluation of "children of parents who have taken LSD, before or at the time of conception" to determine if there is any chromosomal damage. "On the basis of our experience and the literature, there appears to be no definite effect of LSD in this regard on humans."

Out of four *in vivo* experiments, only one, that of Irwin and Egozcue, indicated a significant increase in rates of chromosome damage in LSD users.

Apology

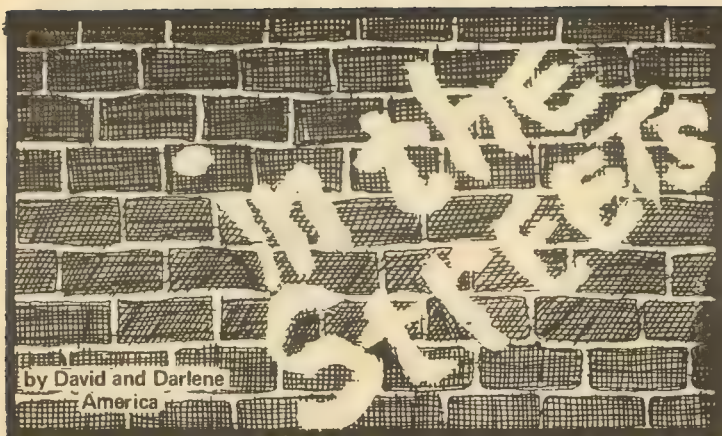
I am no scientist, merely a journalist. I hope that those better informed than myself will excuse any errors or omissions and assist me in serving the people by mailing criticisms and additional information or bibliographies to: Secretary of Education, A² White Panther Party, 708 Arch St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

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and CHROMOSOME DAMAGE a Review of RECENT LITERATURE



COMMUNITY MUSIC

(Informed Sources) Parthenogenesis, Madison's music collective, is made up of all people interested in organizing music and musicians in an alternative to the present system. Parthenos means virgin and genesis means origin. We have no previous examples and are starting from nothing except ideas and enthusiasm. At present we are a legally constituted non-stock corporation, which simply means no one owns us financially.

Our first practical step was to raise money. From nothing we now have over \$300 from our first benefit. It's a good start, but until we have a steady income, other methods of gaining assets must be used.

One of the services beginning this week is a musicians switchboard. We are using the People's Office as our building. The Musicians Switchboard is primarily a list of musicians, their instruments, phone numbers and addresses.

At present we are booking the groups and individual musicians involved with Parthenogenesis. This will

eventually be our main source of income. Instead of paying huge percentages to rip-off booking agents the musicians, through their influence as members of the collective, are able to work for themselves.

On a broader perspective, Parthenogenesis will act as a starting point for a general economic alternative to the present music "industry". One of the most important aspects of this is obtaining a building large enough to house our own club. As an alternative to the present evening entertainment establishments we would offer good local talent at inexpensive prices. Probably the most important thing to remember about this is the fact that our money would be kept within our own economic system and in that way returned to us rather than into a pig pocket.

Larger scale plans for the future include recording and distribution of our records in people's record stores. All the things mentioned are creating jobs for our people and an alternative economy for our world.

ROCK RADIO

"Public service is serving the people. We've proven that it cannot be done in the context of the capitalist system." With these words, Roland Young summed up the frustrations of his years on commercial radio.

And KMPX, which pioneered "hip radio" in 1967, shut down until its management could find new disc jockeys and perfect a new program format.

The disagreements which caused KMPX to shut off the transmitter in the middle of a broadcast by the KMPX staff collective are as clear as the contradictions which will bring about the revolution. A KMPX disc jockey said it:

"the airwaves belong to the people, not to the god-damned corporations." And the station's management said

of what the listeners want—it's a matter of my FCC license."

The KMPX staff collective made their position clear. They wanted to control programming. They wanted to help make hiring decisions. They wanted Jack Ellis, Joshua, John Fox and Roland Young to stay at KMPX.

Management, who says that KMPX is "nonviolently evolutionary" and that the staff collective was "violently revolutionary" had just hired a new program director, Tom Trinnell, and given him complete control over the "KMPX sound". Management made it clear that even political music programming would be banned. Management insisted that it have complete control over hiring. And management asked for the resignations of Ellis, Joshua, Fox and

Young.

As the collective locked itself into the studio, Roland Young spoke: "We say hell no to all of this. Hell No."

KMPX management issued a press release immediately, stating that "differing concepts of authority, control, and audience structure" made it impossible to deal with the "revolutionary collective" and that the station would go off the air as soon as management could reach the transmitter site in Marin County.

"Another stage has been reached beyond the Mickey Mouse that has been going on with radio", a member of the collective said. "From now on, people should relate to radio by strident demands, not by negotiating with Bank of America radio, vaginal deodorant, pig radio."



EATS!

THE ART OF MAKING BREAD

/reprinted from The Mother Earth News

Making good bread is indeed an art...especially when you don't use yeast, sugar or bleached white flour. These ingredients make a large, puffy white loaf of bread, but are unnecessary and detrimental to health. All grains possess natural leavening agents which only require a little skill and knowledge to use.

Bread made with yeast, sugar and bleached flour may have an attractive appearance but is seriously lacking in nutritional value. Yeast-being sugar based-and sugar itself, is definitely harmful. Bleached or unbleached white flour is totally lacking in vitamins and minerals. It is made from the endosperm of the wheat and consists mainly of undigestible carbohydrates. The bran, or outer layer of the kernel, is removed and used in cereal products or fed to animals. The wheat germ is also removed and falsely-pandered as a "health food". A food should not be eaten unless it is good food. White flour, whether bleached or unbleached, is purely a devitalized non-food with no nutritional value. Wheat is specifically designed by Nature to be a whole nutritional package.

FLOURS

There are many varieties of flour to choose from: Whole wheat flour... One of the few flours that can be used by itself although it combines well with other flours.

Buckwheat flour...Delicious but heavy and therefore only a small amount should be used in combination with other flours.

Rye flour...Too heavy for use alone and should be combined with whole wheat flour.

Rice Flour...Sweet and tasty. Generally used in combination with whole wheat flour to give a smooth texture.

Corn flour...very light. It can be used by itself to make cornbread or combined with whole wheat or rice flour.

For variation, rolled oats, cooked cracked wheat or any whole or cracked grain can be added to the dough. If you do this you will find it necessary to use less water.

The possibilities for combinations are endless, but it is best to use whole wheat flour for the base for all breads and work from there. Combinations we've found particularly good are barley, oat and wheat flour, and wheat, corn and rice flour. The important thing is for you to develop your own skill at baking bread and discover your own combinations.

KNEADING

The most important technique in making good bread is kneading. If this is done properly, and for a long enough time, your loaf of bread should rise without yeast.

After you have decided the combination of flours you are going to use, the next step is to make the dough. For a small loaf of bread, 2-3 cups of flour is usually sufficient. Since all flours are different, it is nearly impossible to give an exact recipe; you will just have to use your own judgement. Just be sure that you add a little water at a time, and mix it in with your hands before adding any more. This will prevent the dough from becoming too thin. When the dough has the consistency of an earlobe, stays together, and no longer sticks to the sides of the bowl, it is ready for kneading.

Generally, a quarter teaspoon of salt per cup of flour is about right, but again, this varies according to the needs of the individual. For best results, mix salt with flour before adding the water.

Now you're ready for the most strenuous part of bread making--kneading. If you get tired easily, and have to stop occasionally, try kneading at least 300 times. But it is best to knead vigorously for ten minutes. A good procedure follows:

Flour your hands and the board lightly. Flatten the

dough on the board. Pick up the edge of the dough which is farthest away and fold it toward you. Then press down 2 or 3 times with the heels of your hands, pushing the dough away. Turn the dough a quarter turn, fold it, press it and push it again. Dough

should become satiny, smooth and elastic. Remember, this is the most important part of bread making because it stimulates the formation of gluten, which brings out the natural yeasting action of the flour. Place dough in a pan, cover with a damp cloth, and let it rise overnight. In the morning, knead 100 more times. Shape it into loaves and place it gently in lightly oiled pan. Do not pack the dough down. Cover with a damp cloth and let the dough stand at least another hour. Slit loaves down the middle. For a nice crust, lightly brush the tops of the loaves with egg yolk or oil. Do not preheat oven. If you do, the bread will burn on the outside before getting done on the inside. Bake at 425 degrees for about an hour. Test by sticking a toothpick in the middle of the loaf--if it comes out clean, the bread is done.

UNYEASTED BREAD

(makes 2 large loaves)

5lbs whole wheat flour
6 1/2 cups water
2 tbs salt

Prepare as explained above

Variations:

A) 3lbs whole wheat flour
1lb rice flour
1lb oat flour
B) 3 lbs whole wheat flour
1lb rice flour
1lb millet flour

DESSERT BREAD

3 cups whole wheat flour
1 1/2 cups cornmeal
1 1/2 cups buckwheat flour
1 1/2 cups chestnut flour
5 Tbs corn germ oil
1 1/2 tsp salt
3-4 Tbs currants
3-4 Tbs chopped roasted almonds
1/4 tsp cinnamon
water

Combine flour, salt and cinnamon. Blend in oil thoroughly. Add currants, almonds and enough water to make a soft but not sticky dough. Proceed as for plain bread. Knead and let rise twice.

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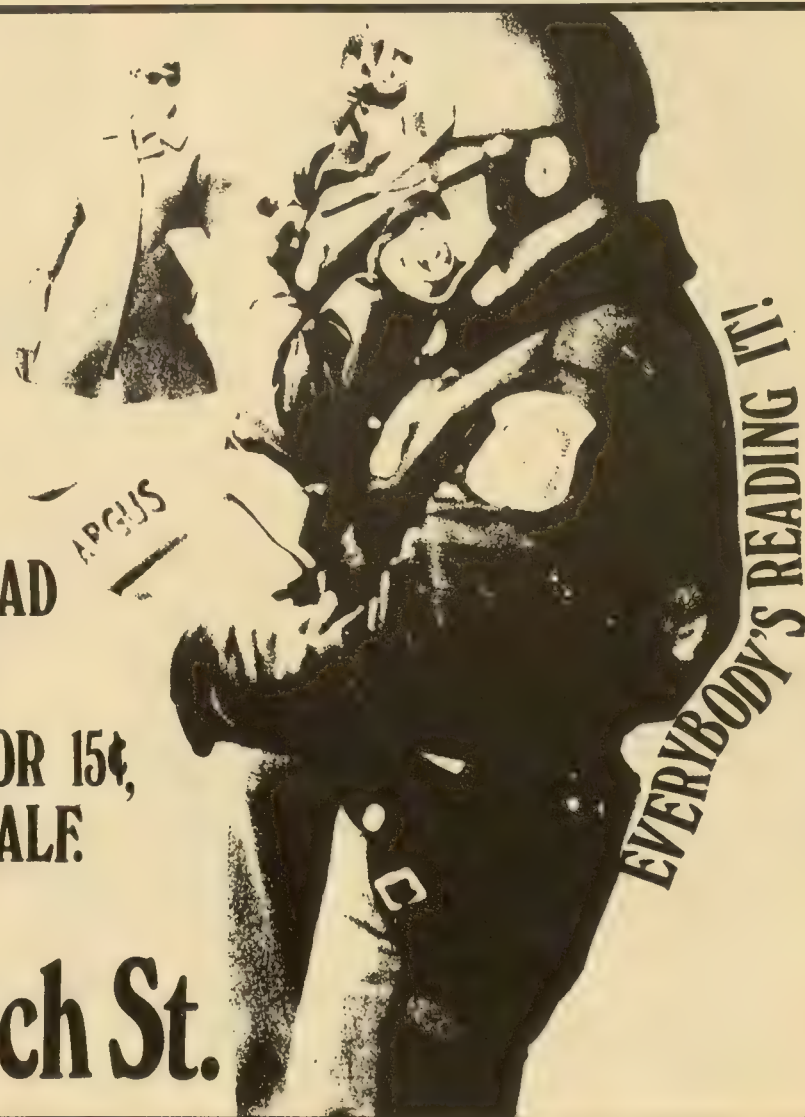
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hip's tips

(continued from
page fourteen)

ARGUS: Have you observed any anti-smack programs nationwide?

HIP: Yeah, I've read the literature, but I don't know how effective it is. Some people think that people on smack read about all these disasters that happen to people-ODs and death, and they'll shoot up anyway. Maybe because I know more about the human body than most people, there's no way that I could be made to stick a dirty needle in my arm, because I know what the consequences can be.

ARGUS: How do you think we could do more effective education about it?

HIP: Well, we should try to tell people why-not using the approach that this is bad or evil or whatever, but point out what the medical things are that happen and why they happen. I think that if people believed the information that is given to them, then they could act on it. I wouldn't put anyone in jail for doing it, or for doing any drug.

ARGUS: We're opening up a free medical clinic here, and I think it would be far out to have some advisors to help people, like you do with your column. I think it's just as important to prevent as well as to treat medical problems.

HIP: I was talking to some residents today about that-I suggested that they try to get as much cooperation as they can from the medical community. The more doctors you have donating their time, the more people will go there. There also should be somewhere where people could get information.

ARGUS: One of the questions that came up at the end of your talk tonight was the inevitable one-should marijuana be legalized? I'd like you to repeat some of what you laid down at that point.

HIP: What I said was that I didn't think that people should be faced with criminal penalties for using any drug. There are some things that we wonder about, like what effect does marijuana smoke have on the lungs-is it more harmful than cigarette smoke? No one will know this until people aren't hassled anymore for using it and then they'll feel free to volunteer medical information.

ARGUS: What about cocaine?

HIP: I think you can look at it

the same way that you look at speed-it has many of the same effects-people get strung out on it the same way. People develop a toxic paranoid psychosis a lot like speedfreaks. Nosebleeds are very common in people who use coke a lot, because it constricts the blood vessels and it acts as an anesthetic wherever it is. Because it damages the blood vessels, you can damage the tissues so much that you can get a perforation between the nostrils from constantly sniffing.

ARGUS: You talked about language tonight...

HIP: I talked about the kinds of curses that people use-referring to functions or parts of the body, so that the worst thing you could say to someone is something like fuck you, or you're a prick or you're a cunt. Why should these things be curses? Why should it be bad to call someone a penis? It shouldn't be any worse to call a person a penis than to call them a shoulder, a neck or an arm or head. Every time they are used it depresses consciousness-every time it's said, your head has to go through a couple of trips figuring out which is the good fuck and which is the bad. You figure it out quickly, but each time it reinforces the bad-the idea that fuck is bad, and that's why I think we should try to get some new curse words. I think people should try to develop more accurate curse words-like, if you've just flunked a test, you've been agnawed.

I think the underground press could help out a lot in this respect. Up to now we haven't been allowed to use these words in speech or print, and that's why it appears so much in the press. I think that now that we've got freedom, we should try to use it in a way that doesn't put us all down. Why is it a curse instead of an invitation when people say 'up yours'?

ARGUS: What is being done about birth control for males?

HIP: They're still working on it. The pill that they had caused people to become sick, headaches and red eyes when they took alcohol. Since alco-

hol is widely used in connection with sex, it doesn't seem a good idea to have a pill like that.

ARGUS: Are they having any better success with the one-shot thirty day birth control thing?

HIP: It's being experimented with. Also, morning after pills in the event of rape is being worked on. There are several Planned Parenthood clinics that are experimenting with morning-after pills. Let's say a woman is raped-now there are pills available to give to her that will prevent pregnancy. The side effects often involve nausea and vomiting, so it's not pleasant, but it's better than getting knocked up. The nausea sometimes extends for more than a day or two.

MATT (drug help): They've been giving it out at the Health Service here for at least a year.

HIP: The Planned Parenthood Clinics that I'm familiar with have classes for the women, and the different kinds of birth control are discussed. Then a physician or social worker discusses individually the method of birth control most suited for that person.

ARGUS: Do you find it strange that with all the negative information they've been gathering about the pill, that women continue to use it?

HIP: It's not as dangerous as those scare headlines would lead people to believe-remember a few months ago there was all those stories? That was an overreaction. But they're not all that safe either, and that's why better methods should be developed.

ARGUS: What kinds of tests do clinics or doctors run on women who want the pill, or should they run tests?

HIP: They usually do it by medical history. The reason the pap smear is done is to see if there are any pre-cancerous lesions in the cervix. The hormones in certain birth control pills sometimes make certain tumors worse. The pap smear should be done at least once a year for any woman who is taking birth control pills. If anything did develop, the pills would tend to make it worse.

ARGUS: Is there anything you wanted to say to the Ann Arbor people?

HIP: Nothing except that there seems to be a lot of cross-pollination between Berkeley and Ann Arbor.

ARGUS: If people want to write, where?

HIP: 2010 Seventh Street, Berkeley 94710



Argus/page nineteen

I This Was The World That Rock Built

I grew up on Peter Tripp, the Curley headed kid in the Third Row (an AM DJ in the late fifties in New York City). I spent a lot of time after school following the social life of the kids on American Bandstand. Then in high school I spent most of my time in my room with the radio avoiding family fights. Rock became the thing that helped fill the loneliness and empty spaces in my life. The sound became sort of an alter world where I daydreamed - a whole vicarious living out of other people's romances and lives. Sally Go Round the Roses. Donna.

In college rock was one of the things that got me together with other people. Hours spent in front of a mirror learning how to dance going to twist parties - getting freakier - tripping off the whole outlaw thing of My Generation and Satisfaction. I was able to dance rock and talk rock comfortably in a college atmosphere where everything else was mystified and intellectualized out of my comprehension and control. You didn't have to have heavy or profound thoughts about rock - you just knew that you dug it.

A whole sense of a people together behind their own music. It was the only thing we had of our own where the values weren't set up by the famous wise professors. It was the way not to have to get old and deadened in white Amerika. We wore hip clothes and smoked dope and dropped acid. Going to San Francisco with flowers in our hair.

For a couple years when I was with a man I remember feeling pretty good - lots of people around, a scene I felt I had some control over - getting a lot of mileage off being a groovy couple. For as long as I was his woman I was protected and being a freak was an up because it made me feel like I had an identity.

When I split from him a whole other trip started. It got harder and harder to be a groovy chick when I had to deal with an endless series of one night stands and people crashing and always doing the shit work - thinking and being told that the only reason I wasn't digging being a freak was because I was too uptight. Going to Woodstock all but bare-breasted somewhere in the middle of all that and thinking I was fucked up for not being able to have more fun than I was having. In a world where the ups were getting fewer and fewer, rock still continued to turn me on.

Then I connected to the womens movement and took a second look at rock.

II CRASHING: Women Is Losers

THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE: It took me a whole lot of times of going to the Fillmore and listening to records and reading Rolling Stone before it even registered that what I was seeing and hearing was not all these different groups, but all these different groups of men. And once I noticed that, it was hard not to be constantly noticing - all the names on the albums, all the people doing sound and lights, all the voices on the radio, even the DJ's between the songs - they were ALL men. In fact, the only place I could look to see anyone who looked anything like me, was in the audience, and even there, there were usually more men than women.

It occurred to me that maybe there were some good reasons besides inadequacy that I had never taken all my fantasies about being a rock musician very seriously. I don't think I ever even told anyone about them. Because for the female 51% of Woodstock Nation that I belong to, there isn't any place to be in any creative kind of way. It's a pretty exclusive world.

There are, of course, exceptions. I remember hearing about some "all-chick" bands on the West Coast, like the Ace of Cups, and also, remember reading about how they were laughed and hooted at with a general "take them off the stage and fuck them" attitude. And how they were given the spot in between the up-and-coming group and the big name group - sort of for comic relief. Or the two women I saw once who played with the Incredible String Band. They both played instruments and looked terrified through the entire concert. (I kept thinking how brave they were to be there at all.) The two men treated them as backdrops - they played back-up and sang harmony, and in fact they were introduced as Rose and Licorice - no last names. The men thought it was cute that they were there, and they had such cute names. No one either on stage or in the audience

Oh, oh this can't be in vain
Oh, oh this can't be in vain
not in vain
I'm hopin' somebody can tell me, tell me why
Why love is like a ball and chain!

related to them as musicians. But they sure were sweet and pretty.

It blew my mind the first time I heard about a woman playing an electric guitar. Partly because of the whole idea we have that women can't understand anything about electronics (and we're not even supposed to want to, and also because women are supposed to be composed, gentle, play soft songs. A guy once told my sister when she picked up his electric guitar that women were meant to play only folk guitar, like Joan Baez or Judy Collins, that electric guitars were un-feminine. There are other parallel myths that have kept us out of rock - women aren't strong enough to play the drums, women aren't aggressive enough to play good, driving rock.

And then there is the whole other category of exception - the "chick" singer. The one place, besides groupie, where the stag club allows any space for women to exist. And the women who make it there pretty much have to be incredible to break in, and they are - take for example Janis Joplin and Aretha Franklin. It's alot like the rest of the world where women have to be twice as good just to be acceptable.

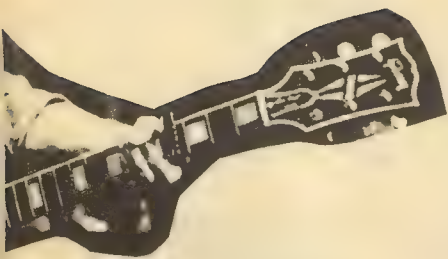
WORDS OF LOVE: Getting all this together in my head about the massive exclusion of women from rock left me with some heavy bad feelings. But still there was all that charged rock energy to dig. But what was that all about anyway? Stokely Carmichael once said that all through his childhood he went to the movies to see Westerns and cheered wildly for the cowboys, until one day he realized, that being black he was really an Indian and all those years he had been rooting for his own destruction. Listening to rock songs became an experience alot like that for me. Getting turned on to Under My Thumb, a revenge song filled with hatred for women, made me feel crazy. And it wasn't an isolated musical moment that I could frown about and forget. Because when you get into listening to male rock lyrics, the message to women is devastating. We are cunts, sometimes ridiculous (Twentieth Century Fox), sometimes mysterious (Ruby Tuesday), sometimes bitchy (Get a Job) and sometimes just plain cunts (Wild Thing). And all that sexual energy that seems to be the essence of rock is really energy that elimaxes in fucking over women - endless lyrics and a sound filled with feelings I thought I was relating to but - couldn't relate to - attitudes about women like put downs, domination, threats, pride, mockery, fucking around and a million different levels of woman hating. For some reason the Beatles' "rather see you dead little girl than to see you with another man" pops into my head. But it's a random choice. Admittedly there are some other kinds of songs - a few with nice feelings, alot with a cool macho stance toward life, and alot with no feelings at all, a realm where, say, the Procol Harum shines pretty well at being insipid or obscure (A Whiter Shade of Pale). But to catalogue the anti-woman songs alone would make up almost a complete history of rock.

This all hit home to me with knock-out force at a recent Stones concert when Mick, prancing about enticingly with whip in hand, suddenly switched gears and went into Under My Thumb with an incredible vengeance that upped the energy level and brought the entire audience to its feet dancing on the chairs. Mass wipe-out for women - myself included.

Contrast this with the songs that really do speak to women where our feelings are at, songs that Janis and Aretha sing of their own experience of being women, of the pain and humiliation and the love. And it's not all in the lyrics. When Aretha sings the Beatles' Let It Be she changes it from a sort of decadent sounding song of resignation to a hymnal of hope. A different tone coming from a different place.

THE GREAT PRETENDERS: The whole star trip in rock is another realm where macho reigns supreme. At the center of the rock universe is the star - flooded in light, offset by the light show, and the source of incredible volumes of sound. The audience remains totally in darkness: the Stones kept thousands waiting several hours till nightfall before they would come on stage at Altamont. The stage is set for the men to parade around acting out violence/sex fantasies, sometimes fucking their guitars then smashing them, writhing bare chested with leather fringe flying, while the whole spectacle is enlarged 100 times on a movie screen behind them. And





OCK



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watching a group like the Mothers of Invention perform is a lesson in totalitarianism — seeing Frank Zappa define sound and silence with a mere gesture of his hand. There is no psychic or visual or auditor-space for any one but the performer — even if 400,000 are gathered. This intensity could be fantastic but it is abused — I remember Jesse Colin Young of the Youngbloods turning to his audience with disdain “the least you could do is clap along.” First you force the audience into passivity and then you imply that they are fucked up for not moving.

SMILE ON YOUR BROTHER: Something else about the audience — even after I realized women were barred from any active participation in rock music, it took me a while to see that we weren’t even considered a real part of the listening audience. At first I thought I was being paranoid, but then I heard so many musicians address the audience as if it were all male — “I know yhou all want to find a good woman”, “When you take your ol’ lady home tonight...” “This is what you do with a no good woman...” etc. etc. It was clear that the concerts were directed only to men, and the women were not considered people but more on the level of exotic domestic animals that come with their masters or come to find masters. Only men are assumed smart enough to understand the intricacies of the music. Frank Zappa laid it out when he said, “then come to hear the music and chicks come for sex thrills. Dig it!”

It was a real shock to put this all together and realize rock music itself — all the way from performing artist to listener — refuses to allow any valid place for women. And yet I know there would never be rock festivals and concerts if women weren’t there — even though we have nothing to do with the music. Somehow we’re very necessary to rock culture.

Women are required at rock events to pay homage to the rock world — a world made up of thousands of men, usually found in groups of fours and fives. Homage paid by offering sexual accessibility, orgasmic applause, group worship, gang bangs at Altamont. The whole rock scene (as opposed to rock music) depends on us being there. Women are necessary at these places of worship so that, in between the sets, the real audience (men) can be assured of getting that woman they’re told about in the lyrics. And what is that woman supposed to be like? Well it’s not enough to be just a plain old cunt — we have to be beautiful and even that’s not enough — we’ve got to be groovy — you know, not uptight, not demanding, not jealous or clinging or strong or smart or anything but loving in a way that never cuts back on a man’s freedom. And so women remain the last legitimate form of property that the brothers can share in a communal world. Can’t have a tribal gathering without music and dope and beautiful groovy chicks.

For the musicians themselves there is their own special property — groupies. As one groupie put it: “Being a groupie is a full-time gig. Sort of like being a musician... you have two or three girlfriends you hang out with and you stay as high and as intellectually enlightened as a group of musicians. You’ve got to if you’re going to have anything to offer... you are a non-profit call girl, geisha, friend, housekeeper; whatever the musician needs.”

This total disregard and disrespect for women is constant in the rock world and has no exceptions. Not even Janis Joplin, the all time queen of rock. She made her pain evident in all her blues — that’s what made them real. And the male rock world made her pay for that vulnerability in countless ways. Since women don’t get to play the instruments, it means they’re always on stage with nothing to relate to but the microphone, and nothing between them and the audience but their own bodies. So it is not surprising that Janis became an incredible sex object and was related to as a cunt with an outasite voice. Almost everyone even vaguely connected to rock heard malicious stories about how easy she was to fuck. This became part of her legend and no level of stardom could protect her because when you get down to it she was just a woman.

Because she was at the top and a woman, her success was so threatening to some pig interviewer that he had to hammer her with accusations about who she was sleeping with until he broke her and she cried saying, “I thought you were my friend.”

AND WHO COULD BE FOOLIN’ ME? And

whoever thought this was all the brothers were offering us when they rapped about the revolution? Why do we stick with it? Women identified with youth culture as the only alternative to our parents’ uptight and unhappy way of life. We linked up with rock and never saw how it fucked us over. Partly this was because we had no sense of being women together with other women. Partly because it was impossible to think of ourselves as performing as exhibitionists in macho sex roles, so we didn’t wonder why there weren’t more of us on stage. Partly because we identified with the men and not other women when we heard lyrics that put women down. And alot because we have been completely cut off from perceiving what and who really are on our side and what and who don’t want to see us as whole people.

In a world of men, Janis sang our stories. When she died, one of the few ties that I still had left with rock snapped. It can’t be that women are a people without a culture.



III. What Is Woman?

Now I know that life is rough
And to be a man is tough But I have had enough
And I can’t ignore
That their masculinity
Just don’t respect my right to be
And I solemnly do swear
I’m goin’ to war

from a song by Bev Grant

Woman is beautiful. There’s nothing we can’t do if we choose. Our strength is built of the long muffled and secluded agonies everywhere in the histories of each one of us. And when that collides with the joy we never before were permitted there is a force unleashed that is glorious and wild. A force that will change the world. Tigresses gone mad with pain and made sane again through sharing — a beginning from which to move on the craziness of the world — that we see from the destruction of Vietnam to the destruction of the planet.

I feel only awe at our possibility, wondering where our unhampered feelings can lead us to — what culture, what society, what education, what music and dance, what ways of living will be ours? We have no way of knowing. The new culture begins as soon as women meet together, learning that the seemingly private and isolated thoughts each one of us have been feeling all this time are things that all women share. It started out shy and tentative and awkward when we first all met together. And it grew into a fury and a power and a joy that was more intense than anything I’ve ever experienced. And now there is no reason for us to go back into the alienation and isolation of Woodstock Nation. Not in Woodstock Nation or in any of the other cultures men have forced and will try to force on women. It can’t be now. We don’t want to force a culture on any one we want to make space for every human being to be real in. But we have been told until we too believed it that we are crazy and weak and dependent and irrational and frivolous and unattractive and stupid. In culture after culture men have destroyed our minds and fucked over our bodies. And governments of men have napalmed and lynched and murdered and starved all of us who didn’t have the power to resist. It can’t be now.

Now we are reclaiming. Reclaiming the Janis Joplins and the Billie Holidays and the Marilyn Monroes that belong to us and have always belonged to us even if we didn’t always see it. As Billie Holiday said, “It’s the easiest thing in the world to say every broad for herself — saying it and acting that way is one thing that has kept some of us behind the eight ball where we have been living for years.” It can’t be anymore. Because we are learning how to share with each other and learn from each other and make music and make love with each other and dance together without any competing and conquering and ego-tripping bullshit ways of human beings dealing with each other.

And you know what’s amazing? Even with all our ties to men and attachments to their world and all the fuck ups they lay on us, dig this — we are STILL able to get it together. So can you imagine what’s going to develop when we finally stop reacting and start pouring out of our selves?

IT CAN’T BE THAT WOMEN WILL EVER LOSE SIGHT OF EACH OTHER AGAIN!

Argus/page twenty-one



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SOLSTIS SCHOOL NEEDS: bookshelves, books, firewood, art supplies. Bring your contribution to 806 Oakland, or call 769-2052 to have it picked up.

WANTED: one lead and one rhythm player for rock group. Must be serious about music. If interested, call 665-5732 and ask for Angel.

VENCEREMOS, a junior high/high school underground needs a filing cabinet, old radical periodicals, or any radical literature (for a revolutionary library that we're building) a and a typewriter. Call 665-9234 to have your contribution picked up or drop it off at 1502 Cambridge.

THE OZONE HOUSE liberation music collection needs tunes for the community room. Drop them off at 708 Arch (Darlene) or 302 E. Liberty.

YPSILANTI TRIBAL COUNCIL meets 7:00 every Tuesday night in Gallery II McKenny Union.

ANN ARBOR'S only free medical clinic will be opening soon. Check it out at 302 E. Liberty. Give your time and energy.

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SUPPORT YOUR community newspaper. In order to continue all this, we gotta have your typewriter. We're having two flick/rock and roll benefits on the 8th and 12th of December at the Canterbury House.

HELP. I need somebody to take over my UAC charter flight reservation to London this Christmas. Detroit-London-Detroit 12/23 to 1/5, 11 nights and 10 days \$175. Got a teaching job, cannot go. Will sell my ticket at a discount. Call Nadine 761-6084 or 761-6058 evenings.

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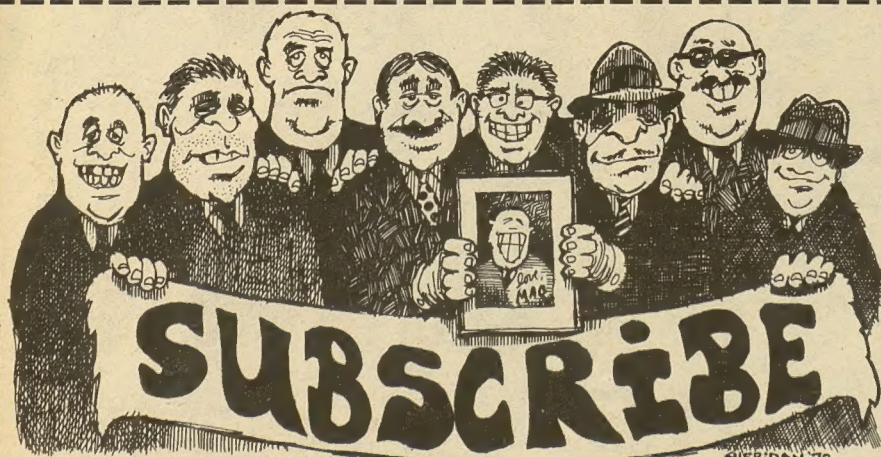
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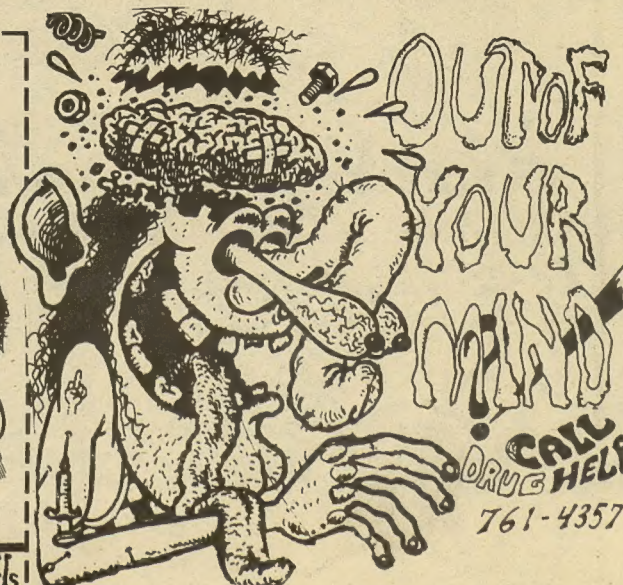
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Argus/page twenty-three

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